



MARGARET ANGLIN AS JOAN OF ARC

This noted interpreter of the poetic drama fittingly celebrated Easter Sunday by appearing for the first time in New York in Emile Moreau's "The Trial of Joan of Arc."



I WAS walking the other day through Times Square with a well-known theatrical manager when we encountered a little old lady of the small-town school-teacher type, with snow-white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, a black silk dress and a black beaded bonnet. I was surprised to hear my friend address this person as "Flossie," furthermore inquiring if she was still with Gertie Glitter?

"Oh, dear no!" responded the little old lady, "I left her long ago, at the time of her marriage, and I have been with Bessie Bangle and Tessie Trinket since then! I'm with Peggy Plumage now!"

After wishing her "good luck," we proceeded on our way, and the theatrical manager informed me that the little old lady was Flossie Frivol, a comic opera prima donna of a former generation, who at a later period became a "character woman" in the legitimate. A time came when she was out of employment, and received an offer from an actress to serve as "chaperon," this experience leading to another and another along similar lines, with a New York show-girl. Such a very discreet looking "mother" or "aunt," it was found, lent an air of respectability.

ABE ERLANGER and Charlie Dillingham announce their joint presentation next season of an actress from Salt Lake City, Utah, for whom they prophesy a brilliant future. Her name is Maude Adams.

NEW YORK has plenty of theatres but not so many that there's no room for one more, so why shouldn't there be a Laurette Taylor Theatre? The new house is scheduled to open in New York within the year with J. Hartley Manners as producer and manager and Miss Taylor as star of the plays he will present. It is to be their own theatre and it means good bye to the road for Laurette whose chief ambition has always been never to leave Broadway. The play selected for the opening of the new house is a fantasy by Mr. Manners.

ONE of the most interesting announcements that Broadway has heard in a long time is that Miss Taylor, some time next season, will play the part of the Jewish mother in Fannie Hurst's first play, "Humoresque," based upon that writer's successful story. The story has already appeared in movie form, and now we are to see it in play form with an Irish comedienne playing a Yiddish part. Here will be a genuine test of Miss Taylor's

versatility. Miss Hurst, who knows the Jewess as few writers know her, has already heard Miss Taylor read the part in manuscript and endorses her Yiddish accent. But Broadway is still from Missouri. To drop an Irish brogue and pick up a Yiddish accent has always been supposed to be one of the things that could not be done. But we shall see—and also hear!

PEOPLE who have only seen Ruth St. Denis on the stage, with the raven ringlets she wears for her East Indian, Algerian or Egyptian dances, are naturally somewhat surprised on encountering this performer in private life, to discover that her hair is entirely gray. Trixie Friganza, who has passed many years alternating between musical comedy and vaudeville, creates even greater astonishment, for she wears a black wig in the theatre, but her own snow-white hair is "bobbed" in the latest fashion. Many actresses—and not a few actors—believe that it is necessary for them to look as "young" as possible, so dye their hair brown, black or red. Eleanor Robson had brown hair until her final appearance in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," then, upon marrying August Belmont, became gray. Elsie de Wolfe passed many years on the stage, with jet-black tresses, but as soon as she turned to interior decoration, in which field she has prospered exceedingly, her hair became, and has remained, frankly gray.

MARILYNN Miller, star of "Sally," has to put lead in her shoes in order to keep her feet on the ground.

WHENEVER two or three actresses are gathered together, sooner or later they talk "shop"—and "shoppers." Other actresses are discussed, pro and con, and an observation of especial interest is that "So-and-so has had her face fixed!" It is really astounding how many women have taken the risk of undergoing this difficult and painful operation, but, sure enough, one after another has followed the fashion. The lady who is credited with having been the first to make the attempt is an actress who for many years was in comic operas, later turning to legitimate pieces, and finally starring in moving pictures. Even the closest "close-up" failed to reveal any telltale lines or wrinkles, but it finally became known that she had her double-chin "cut away," her cheeks "lifted," and the ends "sewn up" in front of her ears! Then the French actress Yorska, well known on Broadway, courageously underwent a pain-

ful operation to have her nose straightened. Then an American beauty, who added English honors to her American ones, took a chance! Then a little lady who was one of the actress-wives of a much-married actor! Then an actress who has had many successes in tragedy and comedy, having created rôles in two productions subsequently transformed into operas!

CHARLES Gilpin, the negro star of "The Emperor Jones," has proved a dark horse.

A GREAT deal has been written about the chorus girl, not so much about the chorus man. The handsome young gentlemen in evening clothes, who dance so exquisitely and cast such languishing glances at the show girls, are entitled to more consideration from the public than they receive. Some of them are almost human and they do look "just too cute for anything" when they dance. Let us bespeak your sympathy for these butterfly creatures whose brief existence seems to terminate with the close of the newest musical comedy. Many a manly heart beats beneath the bosom of their dress shirt. Perhaps some of them have large families to support. Others may be sending sisters and brothers to college. Who knows what problems of domesticity may perplex these cunning choristers? Many a wrinkle may lurk under the grease paint.

FLORENZ Ziegfeld, Jr., refers to the 1910's as "the tights period," and to the 1920's as "the bare-legged period." He is now thinking up a term for the 1930's.

A NEW one was sprung recently, when a respectable-looking man managed to get through the stage-door of a playhouse where a musical comedy was being presented. Once "back stage," he spoke to first one chorus girl and then another, showing them bottles of perfume, which he intimated had been "smuggled" into the country, so could, therefore, be offered at the ridiculously low price of two dollars each. The bottles were of artistic shape, and bore foreign labels. Furthermore, each was adorned with a bow of ribbon. Well, one by one, the girls crowded around, to examine the bottles, remove the stoppers, and smell the—perfume. As a result, eighteen bottles were immediately disposed of, the entire stock in the man's handbag. Everybody congratulated everybody else, hoping the mysterious peddler (public benefactor?) would return. A day or two later it was learned that Volstead's minions

had nabbed him, and many a lovely cheek grew moist in sympathy.

THE Hattons have written another comedy of a shop, in which Grace Valentine will appear as the chief feminine protagonist. The title, "Mme. Milo," rather suggests the sort of spiced humor that Broadway relishes nowadays. The authors characterize it as a "female Lombardi, Ltd." You will remember, if you know well your caviare, that Grace Valentine was the not reluctant model in the latter play, which was Leo Carillo's first starring vehicle. The piece will be launched sometime next fall under the aegis of the ubiquitous Shuberts.

THE theatrical profession is a much more elastic term than is generally realized by the average person, who may be accustomed to attending occasional performances at a "legitimate" theatre, with never a thought of what many of its patrons refer to as "vawderville." Therefore, the average person would be amazed and amused at dropping in at a certain all-night restaurant in the Times Square district, at about eleven o'clock, remaining until midnight, for the establishment is patronized almost exclusively by "vawderville" players, those who are "working," and those who are not. They talk loud and long, in a forcible jargon of their own. Remarks I have taken down in my notebook contain the following picturesque phrases: "We knocked 'em cold! We was a riot! Eight coitain-calls! S'elp me, Gawd!" "We had the hardest place on the bill! Follyin' them there trained seals! Me and him is goin' to see our agent about it!" "Say, kid, believe me, you should have saw them guys when we done that new step! We drove 'em wild! they was foamin' at the mouth, runnin' around, bitin' each other!" From these verbatim reports, it may be judged that what "vawderville" performers, as a class, lack in grammar, they more than make up for—in self-esteem.

THAT new girl is a Venus, isn't she? Yes, Venus in transit; I just fired her.

THE changing of the name of the Cohan & Harris Theatre to the Sam H. Harris Theatre probably "had more in it than meets the eye," as Old Bill remarked in "The Better 'Ole." At least there has been a lot of conjecture about it in theatrical circles. The split between the partners was attributed to opposing points of view on the subject of the "Equity Shop," or "closed shop" principle advocated by the Actors' Equity Association. Mr. Harris, as a member of the Producing Managers' Association, is unalterably opposed to the closed shop, and Mr. Cohan, although he resigned from the Producing Managers' Association toward the close of the actors' strike, says that he, too, is against the closed shop, but nevertheless—well, nevertheless, there must have been other things that led to this abrupt change in the name of the Cohan & Harris Theatre after such a long partnership between the two managers. Mr. Cohan says that he wants to

produce independently in the future; also that he and Mr. Harris will never, never be anything but bosom friends despite their split. But, then, Mr. Cohan also said during the actors' strike that he would never, never enter the Friars' Club again. He is now the Abbot of that popular organization! To quote his own words during the strike: "That's the sort of little guy I am."

IT'S "Doctor" Julia Marlowe, now, please, since the George Washington University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the most fascinating Shakespearian heroine of the American stage. In her doc-

latter expressed indignation that she was to be "directed" by "that boy!"

A WELL-guarded secret which has just leaked out the dark room, is that Belasco's clever daughter, Reina Belasco Gest, has just completed and sold a scenario for a picture play which has a genuine Belasco snap and thrill for every foot of film. Mrs. Gest was born and brought up on the Pacific coast, and she has dashed across that wide, wide sea for inspiration and laid the scene of her story in old China. Mr. Belasco's young daughter sought no advice from her distinguished father, nor from her manager husband as to the means of marketing her *magnum opus*. She simply sent two copies of her scenario, simultaneously, to two different film producers, each of whom to her astonishment accepted it. Indeed, it was only when she found herself in this embarrassing position that she disclosed her guilty secret to her family.

FOLKS may keep on saying that Eva

Tanguay is a "dead one" and that she is preparing to leave the stage, but that pepful person can retaliate by saying in her old defiant manner, "I don't care." And why should she, now she is under the Shubert banner and, according to reports, receiving as high as \$3,500 per week? Eva is reported to have had a grand, little row with the Keith interests before she deserted their forces and went with the Shuberts, but there seems to be no regret on her part and no diminution of her exuberant vitality since she first sang "I Don't Care," and startled the theatrical world by her ability to throw an epileptic fit and show no serious after-effects. Time was, not so long ago, when the theatrical wiseacres had their little bouquets and speeches all prepared for Eva's permanent departure from the spotlight, but Eva kicked up her heels, evaded their bouquets and speeches and suddenly flounced out upon the stage of a popular vaudeville theatre with a brand new batch

of songs and an indomitable jazz spirit that must have discouraged her sympathizers from any more attempts to offer her consolation prizes. Eva is like the weather. One never can tell what she is going to do next.

ONLY a generation ago, "The Little Church Around the Corner" gained fame through the willingness of its pastor to read the funeral service over a dead actor, after the rector of a neighboring house of worship had declined because the deceased had been a player! And yet, today, so many prominent actors and actresses have become Christian Scientists that there is at least one in each company on Broadway. Such well known performers as Nora Bayes, Henrietta Crosman, Madge Kennedy, Effie Shannon, Emma Dunn, Katherine Grey, Mary Nash, Gilda Varesi, Ruth St. Denis, Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Sidney Blackmer, and Morgan Farley, ought to convince the most bigoted fanatics that play-actors are not instruments of the Evil One! For the individuals designated are enthusiastic Christian Scientists. IGNORUS



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DR. JULIA MARLOWE SOTHERN

tor's cap and gown, "Dr." Julia is a fascinating figure and looks more like Portia than any lady of Belmont since Ellen Terry herself. By the way, Broadway declares that the Sothorns contemplate another farewell tour next season, with "The Merchant of Venice," added to their repertoire.

INTERESTING recollections are conjured up by the appearance of Rose Coghlan in the cast of Belasco's production, "Deburau." For these two notable figures of the American theatre first met in San Francisco in 1879, where Belasco was stage-manager at the Baldwin Theatre. Having heard of the great success achieved in New York by Miss Coghlan, who had come from England to act at Wallack's Theatre in Thirteenth Street in 1872, Mr. Belasco induced the manager of the Baldwin to engage the actress for San Francisco at a salary of \$500 a week, a large salary for the present time and an enormous one for those days. When the company assembled for the first rehearsal, and Mr. Belasco was presented to Miss Coghlan, the

MARY STUART—QUEEN OF LOVE

Celebrated historical character the protagonist of Drinkwater's new tragedy



WITH the production here in New York of this play which deals with one episode in the life of the Queen of Scots, Mr. Drinkwater comes to us for the second time with a drama in which a celebrated historical character plays the chief part. The remembrance of the first play, with all its fine simplicity and impressiveness of writing, and the truly admirable, dignified manner of its presentation, is still fresh in the minds of all who were fortunate enough to see it; and that remembrance serves to whet the interest in this new product of the English poet's genius.

In employing historic backgrounds and figures for his dramas, Drinkwater has but followed in the footsteps of very many of the great dramatic writers. It is easy to recall how frequently Shakespeare turned to history; and one needs only to mention such writers as Goethe, Schiller, Victor Hugo, Tennyson and others who did the same thing. Search would undoubtedly reveal the fact that there are historical plays in almost every language that possesses a dramatic literature. And there are logical reasons for this. The commanding figures in history are such because they were out of the common run, because they were supermen and women. They were great rulers, great statesmen, great warriors, great lovers or great in some other unusual way; and it has always given the dramatist greater scope for his work to use these great attributes in the persons of their possessors. Not alone that, but the great public shows a much deeper and more abiding interest in the doings of heroes and heroines who have actually lived, loved, hated and died, than it does in the creatures of fiction who may enjoy a brief popularity but are soon forgotten.

THE third child and only daughter of James V, of Scotland, and Mary of Guise, Mary Stuart was born in December, 1542, and when a week old, she became, by the death of James, the queen, being crowned in the following year. Her first husband, whom she married before she was sixteen, was Francis II of France. Soon after this marriage, and on the death of Mary Tudor (Bloody Mary), she laid claim to the throne of England, as great-granddaughter of Henry VII, on the ground of Elizabeth's illegitimacy. Her husband died in 1560, and the following year, Mary landed in Scotland. Having failed in a scheme for a marriage with Don Carlos of Spain, she married, in 1565, Lord Darnley, her cousin german, and next heir after her to the English throne. She treated him with great kindness at first and considered granting him the crown matrimonial; but his stupidity, insolence and profligacy, together with his part in the murder of Riccio, caused an estrangement which ended in his own murder by Bothwell, it is said with Mary's consent. She married Bothwell three

months later, and within another month she was seized, imprisoned, and compelled to abdicate in favor of her son, James VI. A year later she escaped, but was soon defeated and fled to England. Elizabeth confined her first in one castle, then in another. Finally,

"Abraham Lincoln." There are, of course, similarities in the two plays that make them easily recognizable as the work of the same man. Although a poet, he has put them both into prose, but it is that rich simplicity of prose which holds the spell of poetry. The masterly technique of the stage is the same in both, and both are essentially faithful to history.



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CLARE EAMES
as Mary, Queen of Scots

in October, 1586, she was tried on the charge of conspiring against Elizabeth's life, and was beheaded in February, 1587.

She was an ardent Catholic and she labored constantly to restore the faith in her Kingdom. As to her complicity in the death of Darnley, and as to the extent of her guilt in plotting against Elizabeth's life and throne, there are so many conflicting opinions and so much contradictory evidence that no accurate decision can be made. As Andrew Boyd, in the introductory scene of the play, says—"Have you ever reflected on the strangeness of that Edinburgh story—the confusion of it, growing and growing through the years? History never so entangled itself. All the witnesses lied, and nearly all who have considered it have been absorbed in confirming this word, refuting that."

Drinkwater's method of treating his subject is quite different from what it is in

["Abraham Lincoln," while the main interest is centered in the portrayal of the man's character, still, in each of the six episodes which make up the play, the historic background is vivid; so vivid that one feels almost that he has been looking on at history in the making. It is, by the way, a masterly achievement that he has been able to do this without in the least detracting from the interest in Lincoln himself.

In "Mary Stuart," on the other hand, the background is indistinct, at times almost nebulous. It is Mary herself—not the later Mary, who moves, a stately figure, through the gloom of Schiller's fine tragedy—Mary, the super-woman in the full radiance of her beauty, Mary, the queen of love, who is the one potent and absorbing figure in this drama.

Darnley is still present, as is Riccio (in whose murder the play reaches its culmination), and Bothwell looms in the near future; but they are all simply pawns on the board. History, the history of the state, is only referred to in one short scene between Mary and an envoy of Elizabeth. The play concerns itself wholly with Mary's love-life. Note what Mary says, talking to her companion, Mary Beaton:

"Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell. You must not breathe a word to Bothwell, Beaton. That must not be known. But they make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. And no more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance—one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio—I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger.. It's a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But its a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater."

There is a strong scene between Mary and Bothwell, where he is urging his passion:

Bothwell: You want my love, burningly you want it.

Mary: I know—yes. But for an enterprise like that love must be durable. Yours would fail—it is not a fault in you, but it would.

Bothwell: Even so, what then has been lost?

Mary: A shadow merely—a hope, a little

**From "Mary Stuart." A Play by John Drinkwater. Copyright 1921, by Houghton, Mifflin Co.*



(Left to right) Helen Westley, Dudley Digges, Erskine Sanford, Laura Hope Crewes.

Mr. Marden (Dudley Digges) is horrified to learn that his wife's first husband, a shady character, is still living.



(Left to right) Leonard Mudie, Laura Hope Crewes, Phyllis Povah

The young lovers find in Mrs. Marden a staunch ally in their fight to overcome Mr. Marden's objection to their marriage.



Photos Schwarz Phyllis Povah Leonard Mudie

Laura Hope Crewes Erskine Sanford

The blundering Mr. Pim having admitted his mistake, Mrs. Marden finds herself mistress of the situation, and she proceeds boldly to hang up the futurist curtains which, previously, had been an intolerable abomination in the eyes of her now thoroughly tamed husband

GUILD PLAYERS IN "MR. PIM PASSES BY"

hope, I do not know of what—but that of some fortunate moment, somehow it might come.

Bothwell: What?

Mary: The love that should save me.

Bothwell: But time goes. Danger is here now. And I love you now. Your love, your shadow—where is that?

Mary: I know: But in my heart is all I have left. Nothing, a poor nothing—but all. If I go with you, it is but one step further into the darkness, the last. Even the shadow would be lost. I am too wise in grief. I am wiser even than my blood. That's lamentable, isn't it? But I have come to that.

Bothwell: Woman, why do you waste yourself among crowns and pedlars? Who is Elizabeth—who Darnley? What is Scotland, a black country, barren, that it should consume this beauty? You were born to love, to mate strongly, to challenge passion—this passion, I tell you, this. They come to you

and plead as peevish boys, or watch round corners—winds that cannot stir one tress of that hair. You are not aware of them, you are unmoved. But I am not as these—do you think I will wait and wait? I do not plead. You are in my arms—you are not queen, you are my subject. If you stay they will destroy your throne—if you stay you will destroy yourself. You have fires. Can you quench them? Mary, my beloved, I am stronger than you. Come, I bid it.

(Mary stays a moment in his arms. Then she slowly releases herself.)

Mary: It is magnificent. But I told you I am wiser than my blood.

Drinkwater has his own solution of many of the apparent contradictions and inconsistencies in Mary which have baffled and caused endless disputes among historians and other writers. His answers to many questions that have been asked regarding her will fail to be

understood by many, and there are likely to be more men than women who will not understand—because Mary was a woman. But there will be both men and women who will agree that this meditative, poetic Englishman has with keen insight been enabled to penetrate to the core of the whole matter and found in Mary a heart whose great tragedy occurred long before it ceased beating in the prison of Fotheringay Castle; and that she in whose breast it throbbed was doomed to go through life without ever finding a responsive love as great, as masterful and as enduring as that of which she herself was capable. It is a great theme, containing the quintessence of tragedy, and it is greatly handled.

Drinkwater puts it thus, in words from Mary's own mouth, spoken to Riccio:

"Mary Stuart was a queen of love, but she had no subjects. She was love's servant, but she found no lord. That is all."

WALTER HOWE JONES

CANNED MUSIC

The haughty prima donna prepares to record her glorious voice but—



IT IS ten o'clock in the morning and the Prima Donna is due. Chaos reigns in the recording studio. On one side of a curtained partition an anxious little man is carefully inspecting and brushing the dust from wax disks. Two well-dressed men are standing beside the arm of an enormous horn protruding from the partition, anxiously consulting their watches, and absent-mindedly pricking their fingers to test the needles lying in neat boxes on a shelf behind them. A girl seated at a type-writer clicks away furiously. Out in front, seated on stools of various heights, tuning mongrel instruments which seem to have been bred from a violin and a tin horn, a dozen musicians intermittently practice a dozen different bars from seven different songs. Over in a corner, reading his notes suspended from the ceiling, sits the trombonist, making horrid noises.

Suddenly, the elevator comes up and halts. The iron doors rumble open. The Secretary emerges, bearing a music case in one hand, a tiny dog under her other arm. She stands quickly aside in order not to spoil the Prima Donna's entrance. The Great Lady wears chin-chilla today, and a hat with plumes. There is not a romantic office boy in all the building whose dream need suffer when he sees her. Radiant with health, beauty, and professional well-being, the Prima Donna advances. The Manager walks and talks cordially at her side.

All the musicians scramble to their absurd roosts and tap their bows against their instruments in perfunctory greeting. The Prima Donna smiles graciously upon them, and gaily salutes the nervous gentlemen who cease pricking their fingers to welcome her. The music-boy tries to recover his fallen sheets unobserved, while the Secretary catches the Prima Donna's cloak as she flings it off with a magnificent, sweeping gesture.

The conductor appears and kisses the singer's finger-tips. A great silence falls as she approaches the horn and balances herself

nicely on her toes, advancing and retreating before it in rhythmical swaying.

The music begins. It gathers strength and volume and proceeds to a triumphal close. The Prima Donna raises a white-gloved hand . . .

"This is terrible," she says, "I can't hear anything." It sounds like a cat-fight!

She catches sight of the trombonist alone on his perch in the corner.

"What is the matter with that man? Why doesn't he sit where he belongs?"

"He has to sit there," explains the manager sweetly, "Why, you see the drum isn't even in the room at all, we have to keep all the loud instruments at a distance."

The Prima Donna tries some phrases of her first record. She sways the wrong way in a dramatic moment when she forgets herself. The record is tried out and produces a horrid shriek. Madame clutches her throat, she sends a despairing glance towards Heaven, as if to say to the Almighty, "What would you?" Then to the Manager, with an icy smile, she suggests that the next time it would perhaps be better to have things ready before asking her to undergo this unnecessary fatigue . . . or would it?

Only the Secretary smiles readily at the Prima Donna's rare sense of humor

"Now, let us all start over once more again!" says the Conductor, with admirable courage and geniality, washing his hands with imaginary soap. He mounts his throne. Madame clutches the support handles, the music begins.

The Manager smiles, the Conductor beams as he waves his baton, the Assistants finger the cigarettes in their vest-pockets. This promises well, things are going nicely! The lilt of the music swells and dies, the last beautiful note of the singer's voice is being spun out like a strand of silver gauze, and . . . then the Secretary sneezes!

There is a moment of black and scarlet, a tenseness of white faces and dead silence.

Frightened eyes are fixed on the wretched girl with dread fascination. Unconsciously, all brace themselves for the explosion.

But replete as ever with charming surprises, the Prima Donna does not commit murder, on the contrary, she has her most intriguing smile ready for the emergency.

"My dear Miss Simpson, go home at once and to bed!" she says sweetly to the quivering Secretary, "What is a mere trifle like one of my records, if you are catching cold. We will, in fact, call off my work entirely for the day. The gods seem to be against me, Messieurs!" With a fascinating shrug, she turns towards the door, bowing graciously to the dumb-founded gentlemen of the orchestra.

"But madame, your other numbers, what of them?" almost screams the perturbed Manager.

"My dear man, I wouldn't go through this again for a crown of glory. They say you can do wonders, you modern wizards, so cut the sneeze out of the record!"

What can the man do? He bends over her hand in an excellent imitation of the Metropolitan's best manners. As suavely as possible, he smilingly accompanies the little cortège to the elevator.

"The sneeze shall be blurred, cut out, . . . never be noticed. . . Superb voice today, Madame, superb! Your pianissimo. . . Ah, nothing like it! Next week, then?"

But the elevator boy, scarcely sensible of his august passenger, slams the gates.

* * *

Some time later an harassed fat woman with many bundles and two small children in hand, stops at the phonograph department of a great store.

"Give me that new lullaby record of Madame Filigree's, the one with the lovely sob at the end. It's so sad and soothing. Makes one feel peaceful and rested, now don't it, just to hear it!" MARY F. WATKINS

THE EVOLUTION OF AN IDEA

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE

This is how the author conceived the climax of the third act of his masterpiece, "THE STROKE OF FATE"



But the wise Play-doctor knew well that such a drab and harrowing creation would never do.

He dressed it up to the minute, and here we see the third act climax in terms of Society comedy.



But the Producer knows what the public wants.

He injected some real Pep into the scene, and this is how it opened on Broadway.



A DRESSING ROOM CHAT WITH "PEG"

Laurette Taylor talks frankly on matters that perplex most stars

By CAROL BIRD



CABBAGES and kings and a number of things!

That's what they talk about backstage, and in the dressing rooms. Between acts, before performances, and after they're over. It's quite true that the interest of many of those in the profession is confined to affairs within the charmed circle. But, on the other hand, there are plenty of men and women in the profession who have what might be called "national" or "international minds." They are well up on all current events. They know everything that is going on in the world of reality, outside their own sphere of make-believe. It may be a war in the Sandwich Isles, or the recipe for an excellent shrimp salad—they know considerable about both.

Laurette Taylor is one star of the profession who is interested in matters outside the particular bright orbit in which she shines. In a potpourri conversation in her dressing room at the Cort Theatre, after a matinée performance recently, every known subject under the sun came in for discussion. Somehow a dressing room isn't conducive to a sustained conversation. It's very atmosphere scrambles a chat. The general disorder of the place, the numerous interruptions, the hurry and flurry of those dressing or undressing for the stage or the street, does not make for continuity of conversation. But a gossip, intimate, hurried talk on all sorts of topics imaginable is refreshing. It is like reading light fiction after a long debauch of classic literature. It is frothy, and effervescent and entertaining. What more can one ask of Conversation?

ATTIRED in the shabby, little black serge suit in which she makes her entrance at the aristocratic Chichester home in the revival of "Peg o' My Heart," Laurette Taylor, in her dressing room, Saturday, had just begun to compare New York to Babylon when the first interruption occurred. Michael, the scraggly, little Irish terrier who is Peg's bosom friend in the play, wriggled his way into the room via the half-closed door, and commenced to yelp in a distracting fashion. A maid snatched him up and carried him, protesting, from the scene.

Laurette Taylor removed the wide, floppy black straw hat, adorned with brilliant artificial flowers, which she wears in the first and last act, settled down comfortably in a big, wicker chair, and again picked up the subject of New York and Babylon.

"You know what I feared most in this revival of 'Peg o' My Heart,' in which I appeared for the first time about eight years ago? I was afraid of what the critics might say about the change the years intervening had accomplished. I dreaded to think that they might compare my appearance today as Peg, to the way I looked eight years ago—and do it unfavorably. I told Hartley (J. Hartley Manners, the playwright, author of 'Peg o'

My Heart,' and husband of Laurette) that I wouldn't mind anything else they might say if only they kept away from the dangerous subject of age. I said I wouldn't mind very much what they said about my acting—does one ever put the same enthusiasm into a revival?—if they just refrained from commenting on a changed Peg in personal appearance. But my fears were unnecessary. They never trod the hateful ground.

I'LL be perfectly frank. I have the same Bugaboo that all actresses have. Age. Or the first approach of it. Of course, I'm not near the dangerous mark, but it's always in the offing. When any one tries to reassure me, and to discount Age as an important factor in the career of an actress, pointing to Bernhardt, Réjane and other famous French actresses who commanded the love and admiration of audiences years after the bloom of youth had gone, I shrug my shoulders.

"And I say: Yes, perhaps European audiences are kindly, but, remember, I am of New York. New York is different. New York is Babylon. Never have I known so Babylonian a city. New Yorkers will worship only at the shrine of Youth and Beauty. There are young, tiny, bewitching ingenues on the New York stage today, and they are idolized to a far greater extent than really great actresses, who are older and less entrancing in appearance. Why, I could name several pretty charming sprites appearing today who have scarcely any talent, but who possess youth, good looks, and the charm which usually accompanies youth and beauty. They breeze out on the stage like April zephyrs, and they bring joy and happiness with them. They are gay young elves, and New York loves them. Ah, an actress is not wise who does not properly estimate the importance of good looks in New York, and who does not do everything to retain them for as long a time as she can. It certainly unnerved me, and I decided that I would appear in motion pictures only in the future, and give up legitimate drama. After the first shock was over, naturally, I realized that it would be cowardice to pursue that course, and proceeded to forget the rowdies of that London theatre."

The second interruption came in the form of a young woman who wanted to sketch Miss Taylor.

PUT on that big, be-flowered hat, sit down, look wistfully to the left, droop your lids, hold that old traveling bag on your lap, and perch Michael on top of it," ordered the artist in succinct tones, as she assembled bristol board, crayons, and erasers. She sighed in a relieved fashion when Miss Taylor quietly took the pose, and held it.

"I've been sketching babies, and they're so restless," explained the artist. "They get cracker crumbs and milk over everything."

"Have no fear," smiled Peg, "I never eat

crackers and I loathe milk. As I was saying, I do hate the thought of getting old. Now —"

"How can you say that!" interrupted the artist, intending to be tactful. "Why, I marveled at the youthful manner in which you skidded across the carpet in that scene where you jubilantly converted the Chichester rug into a skating rink."

"Yes, I still can skid," replied Miss Taylor, drily. "I'm not exactly rheumatic yet."

The subject switched to leading men.

Said Miss Taylor:

"It's so difficult to find a really handsome man these days. And no one can deny that a leading man's looks can make or break a show. I don't wish to appear uncomplimentary to the men of my profession, but just now I can only think of one really handsome man on our stage today. He is Jack Barrymore. The irony of it is that this one rare specimen of manly beauty should be cast in rôles of cripples, or in some way be handicapped by a deformity.

"Of course, it's true that the matinée idol type of male actor has become obsolete. I don't know exactly what the reason is. Undoubtedly, it's due to the fact that the war and the forward march of women have taken girls from the home and placed them in business. Now they have something with which to occupy their minds. There are not so many idle, neurotic-erotic women around to tack up the photos of male actors in their boudoirs, and to write them lavender-tinted, violet-scented missives. They live in a more wholesome atmosphere. Nevertheless, this does not entirely do away with the importance of good looks as a requisite possession of a leading man.

THERE are so many more beautiful women on the stage than there are handsome men. But then, after all, it's a woman's business to bother about her looks and paint her face and juggle the make-up—not exactly a man's job, is it?"

Came under discussion the riot in a London theatre during Miss Taylor's appearance there in, "One Night in Rome," another of J. Hartley Manners' plays. To Miss Taylor this unfortunate occurrence is practically the one and only dark experience in her career.

"It was the most frightful thing that ever happened to me. When those gallery gods began to throw smell-bombs on the stage, pennies, and blacken the air with their horrible cries and curses, I thought that it could only be a nightmare. It was so unusual and so unexpected. At first they yelled that because of the arrangement of one of the sets they could not see the stage. I stepped out before the curtain after the first act, and told them that the set would be altered. It was. But they continued to hurl objects on the stage and to hoot and swear. Even to this day we have no idea what the trouble was.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

M R S . F I S K E

When "Wake Up Jonathan" was being staged, one of the "props" required was a picture of the heroine at the time of her marriage to Jonathan, so this old portrait by Colin, seen over the mantel, and which once graced an Academy exhibition, was dug out of its place in the storeroom.

GREAT SINGING ACTORS

Operatic Impersonations not inferior nowadays to those of the legitimate drama

By JEROME HART



TO be completely successful the operatic artist must be a good actor as well as a fine singer. Nevertheless, some are prone to regard the histrionic side of their art as of less importance than the vocal. With many it is a case of *vox et preterea nihil*—a voice and nothing more. But these do not, as a rule, go very far.

Sometimes a great histrionic faculty is wedded to a splendid voice, and in such case the artist reaches the summit of his or her profession. Instances like these are sufficiently rare to be notable. And even when the voice *per se* is not of the first quality, but is judiciously and artistically employed, while the possessor is a fine actor, distinguished success is achieved.

The list of great singing actors, including those of past generations, is far from a large one, while living examples can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Names which most readily occur are Victor Maurel, the famous French baritone, who has been generally acclaimed as the greatest singing actor of his generation, and who is happily still alive and well, in artistic retirement in New York; the brothers de Reszke, especially Jean, who also is still living; Maurice Renaud, Antonio Scotti, and the towering Russian, Chaliapine.

Today the greatest of living tenors, the beauty and power of whose voice has probably never been excelled, and rarely equalled, has also developed into an actor of surprising power and finish. We refer, of course, to Enrico Caruso, whose impersonations of Canio and Eleazar, the Jew, place him well within the category of notable singing actors. The latter impersonation is especially memorable, and demonstrates how remarkably Caruso has grown in artistic stature in recent times.

WOMEN who can be included in the same category are fewer still. There are the traditions of famous prime donnas, including Adelina Patti, to whom the well-known impresario, Sir Augustus Harris, once said when she was acting in a play upon the stage of her private theatre at her Welsh castle, "I am just beginning to realize that if you had not been one of the world's greatest singers you could have been one of its greatest actresses." Patti's forte, of course, was comedy rather than tragedy, and her Rosina in "Il Barbiere" was dramatically, as well as vocally, delightful.

Milka Ternina proved herself a superb actress, as well as singer, in such rôles as Brunnhilde, Sieglinde, Isolde, Elsa, Leonore and Tosca; and Lilli Lehmann, who, like Ternina, belonged to the grand school of operatic artists, was equally famous as an actress, especially in the Wagnerian rôles. Olive Fremstadt comes well within the same category. Gemma Bellincioni, for years Italy's leading dramatic soprano, who also

shone in lyric and coloratura parts, was a far greater actress than she was singer, and her impersonation of Violetta in "La Traviata," was as exquisitely pathetic as that of Bernhardt in the corresponding rôle of Camille.

THERESA Tietjens, of a preceding generation, was a tragedienne in the highest sense of the term, her Lucrezia Borgia and her Valentine in "Les Huguenots" being especially memorable. Going back still further, we have the word of that grand old man of music, Manuel García, that Madame Pasta was distinguished not only on account of her ravishing voice, but also for the grandeur of her dramatic conceptions. He characterized her, in fact, as the greatest soprano of her time and a superb emotional actress.

One part does not make an actress, or singer even, but singularly enough, one part has made several singers renowned as actresses, and that is Carmen. There is the record of the creatrix, Galli-Marié, followed by Minnie Hauk, Calvé, who sang, as well as acted, the part superbly, and Pauline Lucca. The impersonation by the last named was said to be characterized by all the attributes of voluptuous allure, subtle power and dramatic intensity. Nor must other great Carmens be forgotten, including Bressler-Gianoli, Maria Gay and Zélie de Lussan, the last being reputed to have played the part nearly one thousand times.

Coming back to living singing-actors of eminence, Victor Maurel is still regarded as *facile princeps* by those whose memories take them back twenty or thirty years, and it is good to know that he is occupying part of his retirement by writing his memoirs and reflections upon his art, for they should make interesting and instructive reading. No one who saw him in the rôle can forget the infinite subtlety of his Iago in Verdi's "Otello," which was especially written with a view to him, as also was the same composer's "Falstaff," in the title rôle of which Maurel was richly and ripely humorous. His Valentin in "Faust" was so profoundly moving that Lilli Lehmann and others have borne testimony to the fact that the death scene left the performers, as well as the audience, overpowered by their emotions.

MAUREL was the original Tonio in "Pagliacci," and, as many say, the greatest, and it was he who suggested the famous prologue to the composer, and even indited some of the words. In every part that Maurel played he acted with exceptional power and finish, and contemporary critics said of him that, had he not commenced his career as a singer, he might well have become one of the greatest actors of his generation, especially in Shakespearean rôles.

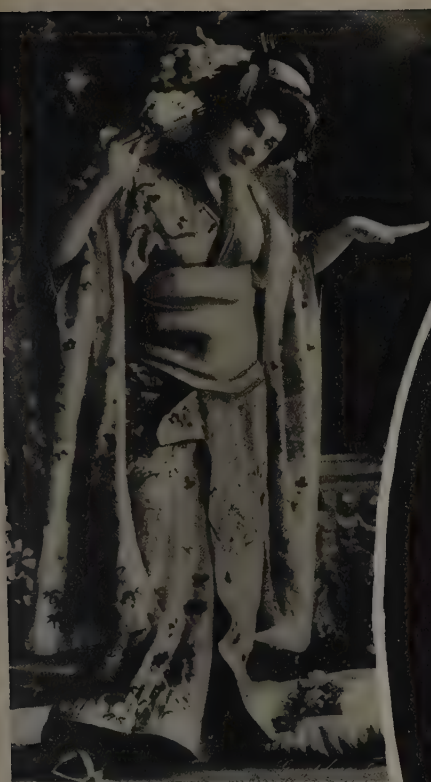
Mention of Shakespeare compels reference to Tamagno's impersonation of the part of

Otello in Verdi's opera. As we have said, one part does not make a great actor, but as Otello, the Italian tenor with the phenomenally vibrant voice thrilled his hearers not only with his tones but by his acting of the rôle, in which he had been coached by the eminent tragedian, Salvini. Another great Shakespearean impersonation in opera was Maurice Renaud's Hamlet, in Ambroise Thomas' work. Renaud was a most accomplished actor as well as singer, and one of the chief glories of the French operatic stage. Since Renaud, the part of Hamlet has been chiefly associated with Titta Ruffo, who in this and in other rôles has shown acting ability of unusual excellence.

The brothers de Reszke were both distinguished actors, as well as singers, of the first rank, particularly Jean, who is now residing in Nice. The latter, who commenced his career as a baritone, developed into one of the most graceful and romantic tenors in the records of grand opera, and acted with infinite tenderness and charm, notably in such parts as Romeo, Walter von Stolzing, and Lohengrin, his Knight of the Swan being memorable for its dignity and fervor. Lucien Muratore occupies, today, much the same position as Jean de Reszke on the operatic stage, and few tenors approach him as a romantic actor. The nearest is Edward Johnson, an American singing actor, who has scarcely been appraised at his true value in this country, although he is an idol of the Italian operatic stage.

CHALIAPINE is undoubtedly the greatest singing actor upon the stage at the present time. His impersonations are characterized by extraordinary power and subtlety. One must particularly mention his Mefistofele in Boito's opera of that name, recently so magnificently revived by Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan. When Chaliapine played the rôle at Milan he was enthusiastically acclaimed by an audience of the most critical character, who, in truth, had "gone to curse and remained to bless." Such was the impression he created that a bust of the great actor-singer was set up in the foyer of the Scala permanently to commemorate the event. His Boris and especially his Ivan the Terrible are absolutely terrifying in places, and it is impossible to convey the effect in words. Like some other great tragedians, his comedy is of a finished and subtle description; witness his performance of Don Quichotte in Massenet's opera.

To many, Scotti is known best by his now historic impersonation of Scarpia, in describing which the critics have rung the changes on the words "sinister," "malevolent," and "malignant." Finished in detail and impressive in general effect as that impersonation by the popular Metropolitan baritone undoubtedly is, it is surpassed by his Chinaman in "L'Oracolo." (Continued on page 372)



Mishkin

GERALDINE FARRAR
as Mme. Butterfly

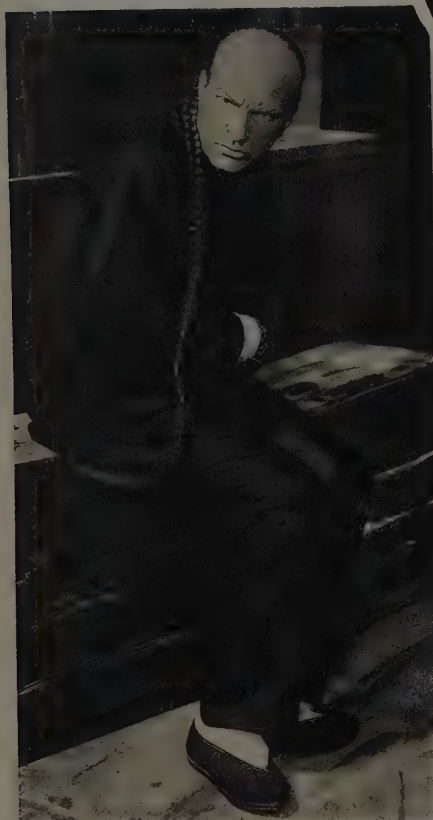


© Aime Dupont

LILLI LEHMANN
as Isolde



© Victor Georg



Mishkin

ANTONIO SCOTTI
as Wing Fang in "L'Oracolo"



CHALIAPINE
as Don Quichotte



© Mishkin

MAURICE RENAUD
as Mephistopheles

G R E A T A C T O R S O F O P E R A

HELEN WESTLEY

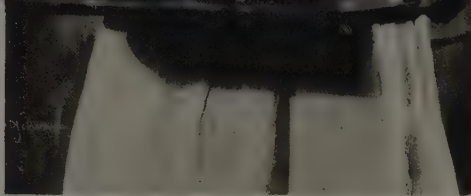
Remarkable versatility is this actress' forte. In "Mrs. Pim Passes By," she plays with authority the part of an overbearing member of the British aristocracy. Quite a different portrait in her varied gallery was that of Nurse Guinness in "The Broken Wing," pictured here.



(Below)

MAY VOKES

For years an immensely favorite in vaudeville where she has specialized in comic servant roles, this clever comedienne's gift of humor now serves to give welcome relief to the thrilling and sometimes gruesome situations in "The Bat."



Photocraft



Photocraft

MARY WORTH

The girl who gives such a realistic impersonation of the Mexican peon girl, Ouichita, in "The Broken Wing," was not born in Mexico, as one might think from the local color she brings to the part, but in New York. She is to have a big rôle in the new play Paul Dickey is writing.



Photocraft

BERYL MERCER

As the gin-drinking, card-playing beneficiary of the supposed dead Tommy in "Three Live Ghosts," this actress contributes to the stage another of those fine character studies for which she is noted.



Nickolas Murray



ROSE ROLANDO
Young American dancer of great individuality who enlivens "The Rose Girl" with her startling Samoan folk dance.

SERGE OUKRAINSKY

ANDREAS PAVLEY



Ray Huff



Ira D. Snowatz

LYDIA LOPOKOVA IN "THE BALLET OF THE PERFUMES"

After several years' absence abroad, this dainty little Russian dancer has returned to America and appears in "The Rose Girl." Her delicate art is revealed in "The Ballet of the Perfumes," designed by Michel Fokine. She is seen reclining center.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY IN TERPSICHOREAN REVELS

"THE ROAD" RISES IN REVOLT

Local stock companies whose productions are often superior to so-called Broadway hits

No. 1. MINNEAPOLIS

FOR a long time there has been dissatisfaction in that part of the country we are pleased to call "the provinces," with the attractions sent out from New York. Shabby settings, inferior casts are so universal that the glamour of Broadway prestige has begun to wear, so that today, the legend, "six months' run in New York," means nothing. In self-protection, the cities have organized stock companies of their own, making productions which are often far superior to those sent out from here. Today, these stock companies have entered an era of prosperity unsurpassed in the history of our stage. It is our purpose to take up these local stock organizations, one after the other, describing their work and personnel for the readers of this magazine, for it is more than probable that the leading man or woman in St. Louis or Des Moines, today, will be a star tomorrow. We begin our series with the city of Minneapolis. The next in the series will be Boston.—EDITOR.



MINNEAPOLIS boasts at least one idealist as far as the theatre is concerned. He is A. G. Bainbridge, Jr., managing director of the stock company, which holds forth in that corner of "the Provinces."

"Buzz," as he is nicknamed, has ideals and he has kept them against all manner of discouragement. Tradition is all against the self-respecting stock company. The inglorious past reveals a history when the stock theatre was the haven of a hoard of peanut-eating barbarians who assembled to revel in the slaughterhouse drama—with heroes nearly blown up with dynamite, heroines nearly mangled by on-rushing trains or nearly sliced in two by buzz-saws, in such gentle plays as, "In Old Kentucky," "The Angelus," and "Blue Jeans." The stock entertainments of fifteen years ago were curious affairs in which a player would go on, without having acquired one of his lines, to improvise long tirades winding up with the cue speech as a signal that someone else was to have an opportunity.

To convince the public and the cognoscenti that a stock company is capable of fine, sturdy performances has been the chief effort of "Buzz's" career. Occasionally the combination of circumstances has been too much even for the most determined idealist and the temptation to yield and cater to the hoard of peanut-eating barbarians has proved effectual. But these periods at which biographers must wink, are few enough so that they scarcely touch his record of handsome service to a community which would otherwise be left theatrically semi-barbarous.

IT is in the last two seasons that the Minneapolis stock company has most nearly realized the ideal. We have seen our local stock theatre as a community playhouse in which the whole public may gather together to enjoy the best that contemporary dramatic literature has produced. It is a system which combines the good features of the commercial stage with those of the "little theatre" movements. There are plays professionally composed, tried, proved and professionally presented; and yet there is in the public mind an intimate personal interest in the activities which can be felt only for a local institution. Attention caught by something which belongs particularly to us, it is put to work upon the finished products of literary America. And the evils of each system are similarly missing—the tendency of the commercial theatre to make capital of the sensational and the merely novel, and, on the other hand, the tendency of the "little theatre" to specialize in mawkish, feeble, thin-

blooded, neuresthetic, conclusionless philosophizing. The best of farce, the best of comedy, the best of melodrama are represented and ever and again a really fine literary play such as we would otherwise never see.

The precedent of the occasional appearance of the literary play was established last season when Masfeld's "The Tragedy of Nan," was offered at a special matinee. With the company doing one play and rehearsing for another, the play was prepared during the "nothing to do till tomorrow" margin of time, and given with such finished skill that it is still a topic of conversation. It is not at all unlikely that local history will be reckoned from this event. Before an enormous audience, gathered to watch the experiment, the local players gave an inspired performance, beautiful as a whole picture and wholly satisfying in many details.

THE policy during the present year has been to maintain this standard. The degeneration of Our Premier House, where the traveling attractions establish themselves, has offered the Stock Theatre an unusual opportunity for valiant dramatic service. Our "season" is a curious affair. You might find it rather droll. But to those of us who have not become insensible through many disappointments it is a bit tragic.

But while a dolorous business has been in progress at Our Premier House, where a half dozen fine things have been lost in a mass of dramatic incompetence, an excellent assortment of theatre material has been on sale at Our Stock Company. It has gone something like this. At O. P. H.: Fiske O'Hara with a brand new green satin suit and a brand new comedy, full of dark-eyed colleens and sentimental lyrics and goodness and truth and love, and optimism and patriotism and jests, dating from the 1883 vaudeville season, entertainment for the generically Irish. At O. S. T.: that delicious comedy, "A very Good Young Man," admirably staged and excellently acted.

AT O. P. H.: a musical revue from which all the original comedians have retired and been replaced by energetic vaudevillians whose humor is a cheap imitation of the back-slapping method of the Comedia del arte, and whose chorus-ladies—obviously the grandmothers of the original "Florodora" sextette—put a strain upon credulity.

At O. S. T.: a civilized performance of "What Every Woman Knows." And so it goes. A deplorable revival of "Twin Beds," with a plump Blanny, finds itself rivaling an ingeni-

ous performance of that delightful farce of some seasons ago, "Stop Thief." A depressing performance of "Buddies," with a "Babe" as well suited to the Roland Young rôle as Jack Dempsey would be to a John Barrymore part, is hard put to it to lure patronage away from a sincere, conscientious treatment of "The Little Minister." A road production of "Civilian Clothes," with its brilliant flashes dimmed by shameless incompetence otherwise, ceases to be a demonstration of the grace abounding among New York impresarios in sending us such attractions when compared, a short while after, with the thoroughly handling of the same pieces by the local players. Luana and "The Bird of Paradise," reappear still asking us to take them seriously and our chortle up the sleeve is the more pleasant for that the stock company has recently had its laugh at this sort of conventionalized melodrama with George Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

The high point of the season was reached this year with a powerful performance of "John Ferguson" (given while Our Premier House had a movie off-week). Though there was only the customary week of preparation. The players showed an intellectual grasp of the difficult drama which might have seemed impossible. Each part was done with the necessary quiet force, the emotional scenes tempting no one into melodramatic tricks. Such a courageous departure from convention has more significance than that of a fine play, ably done. It means the introduction of the literary drama into a part where it has seldom ventured on the professional stage. It is the beginning of what may be a splendid career for the local theatre, as an educational force.

DURING the season we are to have five of what were generally acclaimed as the ten best plays of 1919-1920. "Wedding Bells" and "Jane Clegg" have already been with us, and "Clarence," "Mamma's Affair" and "Adam and Eva" are to come. "A Little Journey," was recently given an admirable performance. "The Ruined Lady," "Scrambled Wives" and "Five O'Clock," are among the futuristics, while "Come Seven," "Marry the Poor Girl," of the present Broadway season, are promised and even "Rollo's Wild Oat."

Much of the credit for the general excellence of the stock productions is due Melville Burke, director. He bears not only a brain but also an infallible sense of mood. He has yet to mistake the spirit of a play.

To Marie Gale fall many of the important parts. The conven- (Continued on page 374)



Youngberg

HELEN KEERS
Character Woman



JOHN H. DILSON
Juvenile



Sussman

IVAN MILLER
Leading Man



White

MARIE GALE
Leading Woman



Gould and Marsden

ROBERT W. SMILEY
Comedian



LUCILLE HUSTINGS
Ingenue

Lee Boos



Baker Art Gallery

JOSEPH DE STEFANI
Second Man

MINNEAPOLIS STOCK PLAYERS TODAY: BROADWAY STARS TOMORROW

JOSEPHINE ADAIR

Two years ago this artiste was a leader of San Francisco's smart set, where her statuesque beauty and fine soprano voice were attractive features in amateur theatricals. After a brief apprenticeship in "Maytime," she came to New York in "Lady Billy."



Edward Thayer Monroe

ARLINE CHASE

Pretty, of course otherwise, she could hardly have qualified as a Ziegfeld beauty. She's a dainty dancer as well, as all who have seen the Midnight Frolic have observed for themselves.



White



Nickolas Muray

DORIS KENYON

Truly a theatrical sensation! This girl actually turned down a stellar rôle because she believed she could learn more in a smaller part in a more serious play. She has just returned to the legitimate stage in "The White Villa," after several years in the movies.

JOAN McLEAN

This winsome young English ingenue in "The Skin Game," began her stage career in London music halls. Galsworthy saw her do a small part in "Such a Nice Young Man," and engaged her to play Jill. This is her first visit to America, and everyone hopes it will be a long one.



Edward Thayer Monroe

FAIR FOLLOWERS OF THE SPIS



Nickolas Muray

ALICE BRADY

This busy actress whose rapid gravitations from stage to screen and back again always come as a surprise, has just closed her tour as the Syrian heroine of "Anna Ascends" and is gathering momentum for her next Broadway campaign. The headdresses worn by Miss Brady and Miss Mackay show the different styles of jewelled bands that have lately come into vogue



Nickolas Muray

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

In "Nice People" this pretty and undeniably talented young comedienne runs true to form, giving another of those harum-scarum heiresses who cause so much trouble in the world, and so much amusement in the theatre



White

ELSIE MACKAY

It's not the first time that Lionel Atwill's beautiful young wife, whose sympathetic portrait of Marie Duplessis in "Debureau" delights the eye and satisfies the imagination, has impersonated the unhappy Lady of the Camellias. She once donned the crinoline of the famous courtesan in an English production of the Dumas' play. She has also played with Tree in a number of his Shakespearean productions

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN STAGELAND

STAGE HAND ETHICS

The overalls deus ex machina behind the curtain

By GEORGE C. JENKS



THE curtain had just fallen on the first act, and the stage-manager, having nodded to the electrician to throw on the "house lights," barked "Strike!" On the instant a dozen unemotional men in overalls or shirtsleeves elbowed aside the immaculately-attired actors who had been on the scene at the climax, and scientifically pulled the "set" to pieces. It was a drawing-room in the home of a multimillionaire, with luxurious Louis Seize furniture, many brilliant tapestries, marble statues, rich rugs, pictures and other decorations carefully chosen by the producer to achieve a harmonious ensemble.

WHILE one lot of men carried off the walls of the apartment, another group, working independently, attacked the furnishings. One man walked off with a Venus de Milo under one arm and a jingling set of brass fire-irons in his other hand. Two of the room walls, pictures still hanging to them, had vanished, giving a dreary perspective of flats leaning against the brick wall at the back of the stage, and everywhere busy men scuttling about seemingly at random, but really in accordance with a perfectly-defined system.

Suddenly one of the wreckers, hustling across the stage with two gold-legged chairs and a cut-glass bowl of artificial roses in his arms, yells stridently: "Hey! you! Drop that! What d'yer think you're doin'? Put them curtains down!"

The man addressed is a pale young fellow, obviously full of enthusiasm, but also evidently new, for he looks in apologetic dismay at the scowling individual who has rebuked him, and throws the portières he has been carrying upon a sofa, as he answers: "I was going to ask where these go."

"Don't make no difference to you where they go," is the rejoinder. "You're a 'grip,' and you have no right to do the work of a 'clearer.' Haven't you ever worked in a theatre before? You ought to know that curtains hung over a pole the way them was are 'props', and a 'grip' can't touch 'em. Got your union card?"

"Of course I have," is the quick reply in a tone of injury. "Here it is. But I thought curtains were part of the flat and should be moved with it."

"Not unless they're fastened so they can't be taken off at every performance—with nails, or screws, or something. When they are loose, like these, they are 'props'. Remember that hereafter, young feller!"

The lines of demarcation between the duties of the various groups of stage-hands are sometimes so dim that controversies will occasionally arise. As a rule, however, the old-time stage carpenter, grip or property-man, knows exactly what his particular task is, and is scrupulously careful not to trespass upon the professional territory of his colleagues. For example, if the stage-manager orders that a special trap be cut in the stage, it is the carpenter who makes it. That is his exclusive work. Then, if the trap is to be carpeted, the property-man provides the bit of carpet, but the carpenter nails it on. This is not all. When the trap is "worked" in the performance, another set of hands, under the supervision of the property-man, perform that labor.

THERE are other delicate distinctions connected with the use of this trap. If it is partly masked in by rocks, trees or a "run," that masking is scenery and must be handled

by scene-shifters, or "grips." But if the trap represents a well, with a chain and bucket brought up from the interior of a stone wall, then the chain and bucket are "props", and only the property-man or his assistants may touch them. On the other hand, the property-men must not presume to move the stone wall an inch either way; that privilege belongs to either the carpenter or a grip. Going a little further, it is likely that grass-mats, simulating greensward, will be arranged around the base of the stone well-curbings. Grass-mats belong strictly in the category of "props," and woe to the scene-shifter who dares to lay his profane hands upon them.

ALL this is stage-hand law. Of course, in some theatres—which means in most New York houses—the rules are strictly followed. Elsewhere, particularly on the road, the disposition is to get the work done rather than to split hairs as to who shall do it. The chief source of argument among stage-hands in out-of-town theatres, where a traveling company seldom plays longer than a week—if there is an argument—arises from jealousy of the visitors by the local attachés, with a corresponding determination on the part of the former to let the "house" men know "where they get off."

When striking "effects" are used in a play, such as the buzz-saw in "Blue Jeans"; a shipwreck; the smashing up of a railroad train, or the manipulation of an aeroplane, there are usually specially engaged men to do the work, although the property-man may be called on to lend a hand, since, strictly speaking, it is in his department. As he will say cynically, when you ask him just what is or is not a prop, "Everything is a prop except the box-office and the sidewalk in front of the theatre."

In vaudeville theatres there is a point of etiquette among stage-hands that seldom comes up in what are known as "legitimate" houses. That is in connection with the appearance of the stage-hand before the audience. In

(Continued on page 370)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LADY BILLY": The inimitable Mitzi in a tuneful and mildly amusing musical comedy.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY": Tenuous, but entertaining and brightly written English comedy, admirably acted by Laura Hope Crewes and other members of the Theatre Guild.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilyn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.

(Below)

MARIO CHAMIEE

In spite of his decidedly Gallic name, this tenor was not born on the Seine, but in Los Angeles, and has received all his training in this country. He has sung in the Scotti Opera Company, and at the Metropolitan his voice of beautiful lyric quality has been heard in the tenor rôles of "Tosca" and "Rigoletto."



Atwell

CHARLES MARSHALL

The robust tenor of the Chicago opera, the volume of whose voice in "Otello" has been a nine days' wonder.



© Lumière

JEANNE GORDON

Young American contralto who has been hailed as the greatest interpreter of Brangaene in "Tristan," since Olive Fremstad's contralto days.



Arnold Genthe

ERIKA MORINI

This young Austrian violinist—she is not yet seventeen—came to America entirely unheralded; and at her first concert electrified the New York critics with her virtuosity.



© Mishkin

CORA CHASE

At her début as Gilda in "Rigoletto", this American girl made even the satiated critics sit up and take notice.

NEW FAVORITES IN OPERA AND CONCERT

(Oval)

NITA NALDI

Young Italian, whose striking beauty has enhanced the Century Midnight Whirl and a number of Winter Garden Revues. Ambitious for dramatic laurels she first attempted straight comedy in "The Bonehead." Her work in "Opportunity," Owen Davis' Wall Street play, established her definitely on the legitimate stage



(Below)

BLANCHE GERVAIS

This young actress had a short and successful career in musical shows as one of the principals in the 1919 Hitchy Koo company. But she is ambitious to conquer other fields and those who know say she will go far



EDNA HIBBARD

After singing leading rôles in two musical comedy hits, "Rock-a-bye Baby" and "Tumble In," Miss Hibbard decided that straight comedy was what she wanted, after all. She is now playing the gushy ingenue in "The Bad Man"



Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

AMBITION LURES BEAUTY FROM MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE

HOLBROOK BLINN

Always a spell binder—especially with the ladies—this popular actor is surpassing himself in "The Bad Man."



Bachrach



Bachrach

FRANK CRAVEN

The author of "The First Year," is a born comedian with a gift for writing comic plays—a modern Molière, in fact.

GRANT MITCHELL

In "The Champion" this comedian seems to have found a rôle that suits his personality as well as did "The Tailor-Made Man."



Bachrach



Bachrach

ROLAND YOUNG

The hero of a number of bed-room farces, this delightful light comedian has found "Rollo's Wild Oat" excellent fare.



C. Smith Gardner

JAMES CRANE

As Larry in "Opportunity," this actor put plenty of "punch" into his performance. He has also the distinction of being Alice Brady's husband.



Bachrach

ERNEST GLENDENNING

Always interesting, this actor is particularly pleasing in the romantic atmosphere which envelopes "Little Old New York."

WHO SAID THE MATINEE HERO WAS AN EXTINCT SPECIES?

OLD FAVORITES

GENEVIEVE WARDE

This American Shakespearean actress, whose reputation was gained abroad, is chiefly remembered for her remarkable performance of Stephanie, the adventuress in "Forget-Me-Not," a part which she played both in Europe and America more than two thousand times. Born in New York City in 1838, she studied for the grand opera stage, but, her singing voice failing, she decided, like Cushman, to become an actress. In 1873 she began to act in England, appearing with great success in such rôles as Lady Macbeth, Lucrezia Borgia, and Queen Katharine. She came to America in 1878.



HELENA MODJESKA

"No artist," says William Winter "more delicate and subtle than Helena Modjeska has appeared among the women of the stage." Born in Poland in 1840, this distinguished actress came to America in 1876 and settled in California. Having gained some acquaintance with the English language, she made her début in San Francisco as Adrienne Lecouvreur, the critics hailing her as an actress of the first rank. Later she became associated with Edwin Booth, appearing with him in Shakespearean repertoire.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

The first native born actress of highest rank to appear on our stage, this famous tragedienne was born in Boston in 1816. She began her career as a vocalist, but having, through overwork, ruined her singing voice, she decided to turn her attention to acting, and made her début in New Orleans as Lady Macbeth with signal success. Engagements in New York and Boston followed, her performances making a deep impression everywhere. For twenty-five years she dominated the American stage, scoring triumphs in such characters as Meg Merrilies, Romeo, Emilia in "Othello"; Julia in "The Hunchback"; Nancy Sykes. Her last appearance was in Boston, May 15, 1875, as Lady Macbeth. She died the following year.

GENEVIEVE WARDE as Queen Katharine



HARRY BECKETT IN "THE SHANGHRAUN"

This popular comedian, a great favorite at Wallack's, was born in England and came to this country in 1868, first appearing in New York in "To Oblige Benson." He soon established himself firmly in the affections of our audiences, acting all over the United States until Mr. Wallack engaged him for his stock company. His range of parts extending from burlesque to melodrama, he was especially successful as Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, Graves (in "Money") and Mark Meddle ("London Assurance"). He died in 1880.

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



GARRICK. "MR. PIM PASSES BY." Comedy in three acts, by A. A. Milne. Produced Feb. 28th with this cast:

Anne	Peggy Harvey
Carraway Pim	Erskine Sanford
Dinah	Phyllis Povah
Brian Strange	Leonard Mudie
Olivia Marden	Laura Hope Crewes
George Marden, J. P.	Dudley Digges
Lady Marden, his aunt	Helen Westley

WE should be grateful to the Theatre Guild for, without their kindly and comprehensive efforts, we'd probably never see certain of the most interesting plays of the more advanced British and Continental playwrights. If it occasionally ventures into paths which may not seem entirely worth while, it should not be ours to complain.

This is preliminary to the discussion of their latest offering at the Garrick, "Mr. Pim Passes By." Mr. A. A. Milne's three act comedy is very thin stuff, but in the drawing of Mrs. Marden, the author has composed a character which, for its revelation of feminine psychology, comes mighty close to a perfect creation. In the hands of that admirable comedienne, Laura Hope Crewes, it is a vital, human exposition of a real woman endowed with splendid common sense, delicious humor and a perfect grasp of the ordinary requirements of human intercourse.

Mr. Pim drops in at the home of the Mardens. He is a vague, brain-tossed, amiable and irresponsible old gentleman. He mentions that on the ship from Australia he met a certain Tellworthy. Tellworthy was Mrs. Marden's first husband, a good-for-nothing fellow. Believing him dead, she had remarried. The conventional, straight-laced Marden is horrified at the probable publicity, etc. Of course, it turns out that Mr. Pim got things mixed, and that it was someone entirely different that he had reference to, but the crisis gives Mrs. Marden a lever for effective work. She straightens out the love affairs of a young couple and incidentally broadens the horizon of her narrow, but at heart really good, husband. Miss Crewes' work, as I have said, was well nigh perfect in the deft treatment of the details of

the character. Dudley Digges, not physically suited to the rôle of Marden, the Buckinghamshire J. P., acted it, however, with resourceful effectiveness.

The incidental figure of a strenuously decided British spinster of sixty-five, was authoritatively personated by Helen Westley, and the gentle, doddering, old interloper, Mr. Pim, was neatly delineated by Erskine Sanford.

Mr. Milne's text has a nice medium of convincing verity and wholesome wit.

KLAW. "NICE PEOPLE." Play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced March 2 with this cast:

Hallie Livingston	Tallulah Bankhead
Eileen Baxter-Jones	Katherine Cornell
Trevor Leeds	Edwin Hensley
Teddy Gloucester	Francine Larrimore
Oliver Comstock	Guy Milham
Scottie Wilbur	Hugh Huntley
Margaret Rainsford	Merle Maddern
Hubert Gloucester	Frederick Perry
Billy Wade	Robert Ames
Mr. Heyfer	Frederick Maynard

IN "Nice People," Miss Crothers has written a strong and interesting play (weakened only by the too common conventionality of its dénouement). At times she barely escapes preaching, but she also reveals with startling clearness, things which are of common occurrence, not only in the circles of high society, but among the masses as well.

A girl, "Teddy" Gloucester, the motherless daughter of a very wealthy man who gives her everything she wants and lets her do just as she pleases, is going the pace with her friends, dancing, dining, smoking, drinking and swearing, and is an ultra-sophisticated young miss who, being no longer a baby, needs no chaperone. Her father, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the dangers that surround her course, without warning, forbids her going out late at night to "some place" which her escort knows of, to dine. In a fit of angry resentment the headstrong girl takes the bit between her teeth, bolts, and involves herself in a scandal of unusual dimensions. How she is extricated therefrom, how she

learns to compare values and to recognize the things worth while—these form the rest of the play.

Francine Larrimore, who heads a fine cast, and who plays Teddy, has already gone far and is likely to go much farther. She can act, and act with such sincerity, that her numerous faults fade into insignificance beside something which one recognizes as the real thing.

Her voice is husky, unpleasant at times, and seemingly not under full control; but at the same time she does things with it which stir up strong emotions; and she is, in all things, forceful and convincing.

All the assisting parts are well played. Tallulah Bankhead deserves much praise for her Hallie Livingston, who, according to her friend, Eileen, is a "damn cat." Frederick Perry lends distinction to the indulgent father part; and Robert Ames is so admirable as Billy Wade as to make one wish there could be thousands of Billys all over the country. It is a thing to be thankful for, and a hope for the future, that his type is not extinct.

The play serves as the opening piece for the New Klaw Theatre, which has a most attractive and comfortable auditorium, with its colorings of soft gray, relieved by gold and blue, and its subdued but sufficient lighting.

BIJOU. "THE TYRANNY OF LOVE." Play in three acts from the French of Georges de Porto-Riche by Henry Baron. Produced Feb. 28 with this cast:

Dr. George Edwards	Cyril Keightley
Mrs. Edwards	Estelle Winwood
Paul Cartier	Georges Flateau
Emily Johnston	Margaret Dale
Mrs. Gordon-Jones	Ethel Wilson
Susan	Pauline Polk

THIS play, which, in spite of its adaptation to an American (or New York) locale, remains essentially French in its situations and development, might better have been given some such name as, "The Leech." It is a poignantly interesting study of a man, absorbed in scientific work and research, whose mental vitality is sapped, and whose work is

hampered and brought to naught by his wife. She, of the clinging-vine variety, and madly in love with him, makes incessant demands on him for physical manifestations of his love, wants to sit and gaze soulfully at him while he is working, or to hang about his neck while reading his correspondence; and a hundred other silly and absurd things.

When he is driven to desperation by this continuous performance, she further goads him by taunts that he doesn't love her, until finally he flees the house in a frenzy, leaving her to be consoled by his painter friend, the convenient third angle of the triangle.

Being a conscientious man, and not having been able to free himself from her tentacles by flight, he returns after five days, to bow his head again under the yoke. And the play ends with a sudden and mystifying collapse.

The cast, a small one, is of unusual excellence, the chief honors going to Miss Winwood who plays the rôle of the wife for all, absolutely all, there is in it.

The rôle of the man, perhaps the more difficult of the two, is in the capable hands of Cyril Keightley; and the quarrel scene in which the play reaches its climax, is a fine piece of work for both. Georges Plateau does well in an unsympathetic part, and Margaret Dale is effective in the one appearance which she makes.

TIMES SQUARE. "CRADLE SONG." Play in two acts, from the Spanish of Sierra by J. G. Underhill. Produced Feb. 28 with this cast:

The Prioress	Louise Randolph
The Vicarress	Mary Hampton
The Mistress of Novices	Ethel Howard
Sister Joanna	Angela McCahill
Sister Mary of Jesus	Florence Miller
Sister Marcela	Mary Carroll
Sister Sagrario	Jeanne Powers
Sister Inés	Kate Morgan
Sister Tornera	Isabel Hill
Sister Anna	Sylvia Wiles
Sister Concepcion	Sara Dawson
Sister Asuncion	Adeline O'Conner
Teresa	Florence Flinn
Antonio	Harmon MacGregor
The Poet	Augustin Duncan

THE crayon of a de la Tour could scarcely have pastelled a gentler, lovelier picture than that which opens the performance of Martinez Sierra's "Cradle Song." The first five minutes of the production by Augustin Duncan amply justify the importation of this Castilian nocturne. The delicate, untroubled tenor of the story strikes

a rare chord. Something more of drama, and we should find a great play.

The curtain rises on the sun-bathed cloisters of a Spanish convent, the nuns gathered around, chattering, as eternally feminine as they may still be. The gray, cloistered walls, bright and golden in the warm sunlight, and the striking group of white-garbed sisters, is a vision that ascends to poetry.

"The Cradle Song" is the favorite maternity theme draped with religious hangings. It assumes that the woman-heart craves motherhood (growing more and more dubious as a premise every day), and depicts the gentle human flutter of women who have abjured the world of mortal knowledge when a little baby is left among them to be nurtured and brought up. A masterly moment, pregnant with humanity and feeling closes the first act, as a nun, still remembering the happy hours spent outside the convent walls caring for little brothers and sisters, presses the little foundling to her breast, and yet joins in the cold, wordless Latin responses of the convent services going on near-by.

The second act—there are only two—shows the little foundling a grown-up girl of eighteen, about to leave the convent to be married. Here, the dramatist depends a bit too much on the interest of his audience in the theme. The same ideas might have been more happily and less monotonously conveyed in half the time taken. The child—this symbol of the sisters' womanliness—goes from them. Nothing is said; no pistols fired; no one dies of tuberculosis. Yet, wistful, here is one of the most tragic endings in years.

Excellent work is done by Louise Randolph as the Prioress, and Ethel Howard as the Mistress of Prioresses.

CASINO. "BLUE EYES." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens. Music by I. B. Kornblum. Produced Feb. 21, with this cast:

Mr. Goldberg	Ralph Robbins
Dawson Ripley	Andrew Tombes
Fifi	Dorothy Tierney
Steinberg	Philip White
Bobby Brent	Ray Raymond
Peter Van Dam	Lew Fields
Dorothy Manners	Mollie King
Kitty Higgins	Delyle Alda
Mr. Manners	Carl Ekstrom
Mrs. Manners	Lotta Linthicum
Stranger	Leo Frankel
Doyle	Judson Langill
Gypsy Girl	Aline McGill

THERE is little but Lew Fields to recommend "Blue Eyes." In fact, even that excellent *mime* fails to put this latest musical offering of Morris Rose into the "don't-miss-this-one" class. Seldom has Mr. Fields had less material for his time-honored box of tricks.

Such box-office successes as "Irene" and "Sally," are having a further effect than the mere putting of shekels into the pockets of those responsible for them. A new and happier standard is being set on Broadway, for the librettos, the staging and the people of musical shows. Unless the sheer magnificence of Ziggy's entertainments are employed to catch the gasps of what Sinclair Lewis has one of his Main Streeters call the "hwa-pollwa," the latter today demands a new order of humor and story and entertainer—not to mention music.

Mr. Rose with "Blue Eyes," has failed to take notice of the signs. It amazes me that in these days good money can be spent on the production of such weak material. A good star—and Lew Fields is one of the best—cannot be expected to make something out of nothing. It simply isn't done. Not any more.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS. "LOVE." Play in three acts, by Evelyn Scott. Produced Feb. 28, with this cast:

Claude Mayfield	Marlyn Brown
Mrs. Mayfield	Virginia Chauvenet
Carroll Lamont	Ida Rauh
Robert Mayfield	William Rainey
Katie	Bertha Kent

IT is difficult to determine whether a play is good or bad when it is badly presented. So it is with "Love," a three-act play by Evelyn Scott. The Provincetown Players, under the direction of George Cram Cook and James Light, used it as a vehicle for their fourth bill. The title is inept. The story reveals the unhappy existence of a notorious singer in the home of her mother-in-law, a prim, jealous, quarrelsome old virago. Goaded to desperation because her mother-in-law sews the seeds of suspicion in the mind of her husband, who watches more closely the comradely actions of his son, by a former marriage, with his present wife, she finally flings herself into the arms of the younger man, and begs for his love and protection.

Tired of the philandering of his wife, and the constant violent quarrels between his mother and the singer, the husband kills himself.



White

RAY RAYMOND AND MOLLIE KING IN "BLUE EYES" AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

Lace and crinoline seem never to lose their appeal. In "Blue Eyes" the crinoline scene is one of the most attractive features of the play. "When Gramercy Square Was Uptown" is the title of the song which Mr. Raymond and Miss King—remembered as the charming prima donna in "Good Morning Judge"—are singing.



DORIS KEANE IN "ROMANCE"

After a long absence in England, this popular actress has returned to Broadway and is still captivating audiences with her characterization of the capricious prima donna in Edward Sheldon's romantic comedy. She is soon to appear in another play by the same author.

CURLS AND CRINOLINES INVADE BROADWAY

None of the acting is especially worthy of comment, but of the five members of the cast, William Rainey, in the rôle of the son, and Virginia Chauvenet, cast as the mother, do the best work—unsupported.

PUNCH AND JUDY. Four one-act plays by Clare Kummer.

THAT it is possible to have too much of a good thing, was fully realized at the matinée production at the Punch and Judy Theatre of four one-act plays by Clare Kummer. Four seemed one too many in this case, and a curtailment of one of the plays would have the effect of leaving the auditors (as at the end of a perfect meal) wishing for more instead of being surfeited!

This is especially true because one of these plays—"Chinese Love"—does not fit in with the others, but is, in its lack of spontaneity, like a forced and scentless bloom in a garden of wild flowers. It is decidedly not Miss Kummer at her best, whereas the other three are. Nothing more delightful of their kind could be imagined. This is true not only of the little plays themselves, but also of the superlatively skillful manner in which they were handled by the players. Of the three, "The Choir Rehearsal," is familiar. It could be improved by eliminating most of the singing—that is, Sallie Fisher's—and making it a comedy, pure and simple. Miss Fisher played it quite in the Kummer way, and was ably seconded by Stanley Howlett and the other three. Her attempts at singing would be better left unheard.

Of the other two, "Bridges," and "The Robbery," it is a toss-up which is the cleverer and more brilliant. Both are superbly played by Sidney Blackmer and Ruth Gillmore. Mr. Blackmer's delivery of his speeches is a joy to watch and listen to; for he says them in a sort of breathless, wondering way, as if he were surprised to have thought them. It is an achievement which many a player might emulate with beneficial result. It gave Miss Kummer's lines just the airy, evanescent quality they demand to make them perfectly delightful.

LEXINGTON. "SMOOTH AS SILK." Play in four acts by Willard Mack. Produced Feb. 27 with this cast:

Nellie Daley	Marie Chambers
"Boots"	Shirley Warde
"Snap" Graham	Royal Tracey
Mooney	John J. Sparks
"Big Frank" Powers	Howard Truesdell
Johnny Daley	Charles Halton
"Bloogs"	Royal Stout
Freeman Holding	Joseph Sweeney
"Taxi Jimmi"	Luis Alberni
Rosina	Zita Moulton
"Silk"	Willard Mack

WILLARD Mack must have broken some record when he produced his crook play, "Smooth As Silk," on Washington's birthday, only ten days or so after he began to write it. It's a wonder he didn't break a blood-vessel at some time during the period of strenuous effort to evolve something that would serve him when "Near Santa Barbara," went bump.

But his effort seems to have left him unscathed, and he swaggered and strutted through this latest creation to his own evident satisfaction, as well as that of the crowd's that sat in the seats to watch him. Several members of the company seemed to be still dazed with the whirl of rehearsals and other preparation and they played their parts in a sort of hypnotized fashion, always watching for hypnotizer Mack to control their actions and words.

Mr. Mack, himself, is quite equal to the occasion, however, and all went as merry as a marriage bell. There were the usual situations, the usual thrills and surprises, and the usual finish. No, not quite that last, for instead of the usual close-up of an ardent embrace, we see the arch crook tearing himself away from the sweet girl who loves him rather than draw her into the kind of life he leads.

APOLLO. "LOVE BIRDS." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Music by Sigmond Romberg. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf. Produced March 15 with this cast:

Violet Morely	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Hal Sterling	Barrett Greenwood
Jennie O'Leary	Elizabeth Murray
Mrs. Bronson Charteris	Grace Ellsworth
Allene Charteris	Elizabeth Hines
Bronson Charteris	James E. Sullivan
Mamie O'Grady	Marion Bent
Mr. Johnson	Vincent Lopez
Pat	Pat Rooney
Velouka	Emilie Lea
Warrington Knight	Tom Dingle
Fatima	Eva Davenport

MUSICAL comedy production has reached the zero mark in this offering at the Apollo. It is like all the others, only worse. There is

not a single new thing in it excepting the scenery and the clothes, and there is a sinful waste of money, if not of material, in the sartorial display.

It is a lamentably weak attempt to transplant a lot of vaudevillians, some of them clever in their way, into musical comedy; and there are few if any of them who can stand the change from a twenty minute turn to a full evening's work.

In the present affair, which is called "Love Birds" and is as mushy as its name, they are handicapped by the book-makers and the music-maker who put the thing together. The story, what little there is of it, is stale; there is neither a clever line nor a good swinging lyric; and as for the music, there isn't a new note or phrase nor an interesting tune to be heard. The high-water mark of the jokes was about the man "who drew a picture of a hen and threw it in the waste basket and there it laid."

The Rooneys—Pat and Marion Bent—and Elizabeth Murray are no mean entertainers, and Eva Davenport has something besides avoirdupois to recommend her. Tom Dingle and Emilie Lea dance well. These, with several lesser people work hard and continuously throughout the evening. But when all is said and done, "Love Birds" is a very sad affair.

TOWN HALL. National Ballet.

AN inaugural program in the interest of the National American Ballet—the National Training School of America—of which Madame Desirée Lubovska is the founder, was given at the Town Hall on Friday, Feb. 25, under the patronage of a large number of prominent professional and society people. Its object was to interest the public in this movement to have in New York a ballet school similar to the one which produced the famous Ballet Russe; and judging from the enthusiastic applause which greeted the various numbers, this object was achieved.

Of course, Mme. Lubovska was the one star of the evening, her dancing throughout being delightful and full of contrasts of a most interesting kind. One thing about it which augurs well for the future of the school was that it revealed at all times the guidance of a wise intelligence, and was at no

(Continued on page 370)

James Light as Captain Williams, Mary Blair as Emma Crosby, and Eugene Lincoln as Jack Crosby in Eugene O'Neill's play, "Diff'rent", a daring study of feminine sex psychology at the Princess Theatre.



White



Fach Bros. Ian Maclaren John Burr Annie Hughes Deirdre Doyle John Roche

SCENE IN ACT III OF ARNOLD BENNETT'S COMEDY "THE GREAT ADVENTURE" AS REVIVED RECENTLY AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE.

PLAYS THAT TOUCH UPON PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

THE ESSENCE OF DRAMA

A prominent dramatist insists that plays must be stories of real people

By CLARE KUMMER

Author of "A Successful Calamity," "Rollo's Wild Oat," etc.



THE play one writes is such an intimate matter that it is almost impossible to look at it with a critical mind. To ask a playwright to reveal the conception of his own play, is like asking why one's little boy squints, or why the first-born turns out so badly, or why the cook spoiled the dinner, to which you are invited. It is always an embarrassing moment when the playwright is quizzed about her plays.

Assuming that Life is a perpetual fairy-tale with magic moments and great mysteries unforeseen, with surprises that are pleasant and unpleasant, plays that are written to represent Life may have something of the mystifying fairy inspiration. I am not at all satisfied, however, with the suggestion that most plays are fairy-tales. Some modern plays seem to entirely ignore the traditions of the fairy-tale, which should always include the moral.

Personally, I have no star-gazing illusion about what a play should be. In fact, I do not think popular plays are written by rote of theory. The improbable things in real life are more particularly related to actual human character. Then there are enough surprises in real life to satisfy the most imaginative aspirations. These are theories that guide most successful writers of stories and plays.

THE theatre has always been a work-shop to me, a sanctum, a quiet corner where one keeps one's intimate thoughts; the sort of place where one becomes introspective. Plays, if they are plays at all, are objective. They must tell a story of real people, saying and doing real things and the story must be a natural one, not forced into a mould, for theatrical effect.

To begin at the beginning, my own small part in the tremendous industry of writing for the theatre, began with an instinct for the work. I suppose there is such a thing as a feel for any art. My own beginning of this influence was due perhaps to the environment of my home, when I was a little girl. I had a brilliant and fascinating mother, whose social interests were wholly artistic. I shared eagerly, in my child life, all her artistic enjoyment. It was in our home that a very distinguished amateur dramatic club was organized in Brooklyn, and it was at the performances of this club, by the way, that Mr. William Gillette made his first appearances on any stage.

My first real approach to the theatre was when I was taken by friends to see Mr. Alf Hayman, because I had written a song called *Egypt*. In view of its ultimate popularity, the incident may be interesting. Mr. Hayman asked me to read the lyrics to him. I did so, and he seemed very pleased with them. I had also written the music to the words, and wanted to play it for him. He received the suggestion with managerial scorn.

"Oh! that's quite impossible," he said, "No one can write a lyric and the music equally well. Go and get some well-known musician to write the music for you, and come back to me with it," he said.

When we got into the street, my friend said, "We will go back to him, tell him that we have got somebody to write the music, and then you can play your own music to the words for him."

This I did, and the song was immediately put into a musical comedy in London, which was being produced by Charles Frohman.

THERE followed a long period in which I officiated as the unknown author of well-known bits in musical plays. I enjoyed it immensely. The moment I found myself inside a theatre, it seemed to stimulate my imagination to the point of doing something useful for the actors, and perhaps, the audience.

These are confessions of faith, to which, perhaps, I was predestined without any previous anticipation. It seems as though everything I have done in the theatre, has been conceived under impulse, rather than by deliberate intention. Occasionally, one reads something about how plays are written. Chiefly, I think they are written because writers are prolific. The writing industry is not so much a matter of work as it is a facility for ideas, a quick and keen observation, a gift to feel what others might say or do, under pressure.

My first play, "Annabelle," was suggested quite unexpectedly, though impelled by the need of many. There was no intention of writing a play called "Annabelle" that was definite, there was only the necessity of writing a play to get some money. The suggestion came to me remotely. We were motoring with some friends on Long Island one day. We passed the magnificent Gould mansion, and somebody remarked that the Goulds rarely lived there, but that notwithstanding, twenty servants occupied the mansion all the time, in luxurious ease.

THINKING of the great number of girls in New York who would be benefited by, merely the opportunity to live in so beautiful place, surrounded by lovely grounds and such exquisite views, I began to imagine the kind of girl to whom such an atmosphere would be a miracle. That was the beginning of "Annabelle." It was my first play, and it was so prolific and voluminous in its first draft, that it would have taken six hours to play it, in its original form. However, it was much easier to cut down a play than it is to add to it, although one sacrifices sometimes a few good ideas.

"Annabelle" is my best-beloved girl, and I have the same affection for her as one has for

a first-born. She is typical of the modern girl, who encounters all romantic obstacles with a deep reserve, and who finds the morals of life in the steadfastness of her own soul. The world is full of girls of that sort today, girls who have ambitions that thrive upon the delicate reserve of their inner nature.

In my play, "A Successful Calamity," the theme was obviously a spiritual one. When I was writing it, I had Mr. William Gillette in the remote recesses of my mind. A little later, I read the play to Mr. Gillette, and then confided to him, for the first time, that I should like to have him play it. "A Successful Calamity" was a serious phase of life, told in the vein of comedy. While I am not inclined to the tragic mood, because the tragic things in real life are usually rather still difficult to find words in which to tell them, the spirit of tragedy was behind the play. It was the tragedy of the unfortunate rich, the badgered millionaire, who is wearied and worn by his social obligations.

IN "The Rescuing Angel," which Billie Burke played with such fine temperament, the theme apparently was not understood. Through some perversity of opinion, it depended upon that most valuable asset in the theatre, the handsome actor. They are sometimes hard to find, people gobble them up, as soon as they are born, under long-term contracts that cannot be broken.

My play, "Be Calm, Camilla," is a story of the romantic girl in moderate circumstances, which is nearly most of the girls in New York.

There is an impulse behind every play, an impulse for good. Real life is so full of inspiring events, that it is not difficult to find themes for plays, it is only difficult, perhaps, to be industrious enough to write them.

Outsiders often hear it said that playwrights study technique, but do they? In my own case, I have a good deal of respect for something called stagecraft. I am quite obstinate about the way in which my characters get on and off the stage. I will study and wait a long time till I am sure that an entrance is natural, and an exit necessary. We do not, in real life, pursue technique. We do not always enter a room and find exactly what we expected there. We do not rise from our chair, or sit down upon it, for stage effect. We do not leave a room, so as to give someone an opportunity to soliloquize.

Real life is full of surprises, it is the unexpected that is sure to come true. And, there is one other degree of stagecraft in the writing of plays, that I regard as most important, and that is, the curtain. In a fairy-story, you can end it anywhere, because the curtain of all fairy-stories is the moral. In plays that are transcripts of real life, it is not the moral that ends the episodes, it is the suspense as to what the moral ought to be, that brings down the curtain.

Musical comedy star of tomorrow? This little fairy, Renée Elizabeth Franklin, is the charming daughter of Irene Franklin

Ira L. Hill



(Below)

Mme. Melba and Lord Arlington among the celebrities on the Riviera



Lady de Bath (Lily Langtry) basking in the sunshine of Monte Carlo



The Ambassador Theatre—one of the six new playhouses erected by the Shuberts at 49th Street, which opened its doors on February 11 last.

White

The Klaw Theatre—one of Manhattan's newest playhouses, in the Colonial style, with a cheerful red and white brick exterior. Opened March 2 last.



Eugene de Rosa, Architect

NEW THEATRES AND OLD FAVORITES

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Ira D. Schwarz

(Oval)

LUCILE WATSON

long identified with the plays of the late Clyde Fitch, recently reached the high point of her scintillating art in the leading rôle in "The White Villa," put on for special matinées by The Players' Fellowship. Miss Watson also scored a hit this season as Lady Utterword in the Theatre Guild's admirable production of Shaw's "Heart-break House."



JOHN MEEHAN

who boldly followed Arnold Daly and Brandon Tynan as the Vagabond in George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," and established himself as an actor of the first rank. Mr. Meehan is general stage director of the Cohan productions and received his training for this work with the Castle Square Stock Company in Boston. At various times Mr. Meehan has headed his own stock organizations. He is the author of "The Very Minute," produced a few years ago by Belasco with Mr. Daly as the star

ROBERT FISHER

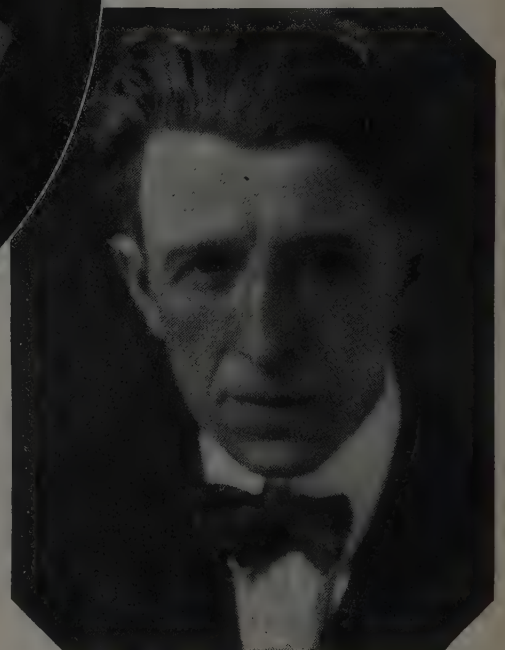
who plays Joseph Renard, the gentle musician in "Dear Me," is a graduate of a German stock company in Cincinnati, which he joined upon coming to this country sixteen years ago. For the last ten years he has been playing on Broadway and last year appeared as Tio Eusebio with Nance O'Neill in "The Passion Flower"



White

RUTH GILLMORE

This charming young player, who inherits the histrionic talent of her father, Frank Gillmore, Executive Sec'y of the Actors' Equity, steps forth in the Clare Kummer comedies, "Bridges" and "The Robbery," as one of our most promising ingenues.



Desboro

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



LADY DIANA MANNERS

The aristocracy of the films has now arrived. Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, is the first of the English nobility to take up motion picture acting as a profession. One glance at her beautiful countenance suffices to show what a lucky stroke her film promoter made in securing her for the American and British industry.

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND



MOTION picture producers at present seem to be seeking for novelty as the touchstone for transmuting their films into gold. Time was when a statuesque woman with a past as black as her hair and a gown that just managed to hang on, would roll her gleaming eyes through the cigarette smoke at the young man with the Norfolk jacket and the Marcel wave, and that was considered sufficient by the directors to make the public sit up and beg for more. But the vampire and the ultra-violet sex play generally appear to have been outlawed by some screen statute of limitations.

FROM the evidence submitted during the month, film *entrepreneurs* have gone in for unusual settings and unique treatment of a theme, realizing that agitation of the Duchess's eyebrows was no longer enthralling. But pictures that depended almost entirely on the *bizarre*, such as something new in stock in the line of re-incarnation, at the expense of characterization, have failed of much more appeal than the lemur in the zoo. Villains must still be present, and they must be good villains—even Charles Chaplin has to have them in one form or another—but cinema Solons have suddenly grown wise, for instance, about the hunger of the multitudes for babies and animals on the screen, suffering them even to the point of optical indigestion. By a coincidence, Chaplin's latest production, "The Kid" (reviewed at some length in the last issue of this magazine), though started many months before its contemporaries, fell right in line with this tendency and can be welcomed into the family.

IN Sessue Hayakawa's picture, "The First Born," the consequences of having a child are more tragic. A boatman of the Hoang Ho, falling in love with the belle of the Chinese village, loses her when she is sold as a slave; but finds her again in that Chinatown which San Francisco so fortunately possesses for fictional purposes. However, a complication to the love affair has meanwhile arisen through the acquisition by the boatman of a wife and little son. It is in the conflict between the simple boatman and the wealthy merchant who owns his first love, steals his wife and causes the death of his little boy that tragedy develops with truly Oriental prodigality, with one of the highest mortality rates among principals on the screen.

This adaptation of Powers' exotic drama of a generation ago calls to mind, "Broken Blossoms," though in this it is the Oriental characters, rather than the Occidental who furnish all the cruelty that is needed. Picturesque settings of the Hoang Ho and of Chinatown with its gambling hells combine with a moving story to develop a fixed stare. Hayakawa discloses a heretofore unsuspected capacity for tenderness in the scenes with the first born son, and demonstrates anew his power to express a thought with a quiver of the eye more adequately than many native actors can with all the features and a double-chin working overtime. Sonny Warde is a sort of Chinese Jackie Coogan, doing his share to arouse an appreciation of the Chinese for more than their chop-suey phases.

TAKEN as two separate pictures, "Black Beauty" is an agreeable stimulant, but as one picture—not so good. In pouring Anna Sewall's famous story of a horse into the camera, Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester have harnessed to it a story of what went on inside the house, which Black Beauty isn't supposed to know, while at the same time threading through it, in the equine's own language, the stable epic. For ordinary movie purposes the inside story is intriguing enough as it winds through exciting hunting scenes, a storm and a hair-raising race across country in which the hero's mount leaps over a moving train,

though some of the titles might have been painlessly extracted. The glimpses of the horses at play and at conversation appeal to the well-known weakness for animals and give the thoroughbred his due in this mortorized age. But the spectator finds it disconcerting to be a horse one moment and a human being the next.

The sleek and spirited quadruped who plays the titular rôle does so well in his initial picture that, following the procedure of some movie companies, he might very well be starred in his next vehicle. Jean Paige leads the biped contingent prettily, and wears the quaint old-fashioned costumes as though she really felt comfortable in them.

FOR sheer entertainment value, Charles Ray's performance in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," is the supreme jewel of its kind, raising boyhood to the level of a fine art. Not only is this idyll based on James Whitcomb Riley's poem, but its beautiful photography and endearing scenes suggest celluloid stanzas. And the picture is clean to the point of being absolutely sanitary.

Here the chief claim to originality lies in the absence of any ordinary sub-titles, the only written clues to the action being a few scrawls Ezra makes in his diary when not fishing and fighting. For once, the story isn't breathed upon the back of one's neck by the person behind who reads the captions aloud to relatives. Thus, is it truly the silent drama. In this case, the innovation is highly successful, for Ray's remarkably mobile face interprets the incidents like an open book. He is a 14-year-old youngster to the life, lacking only the freckles. His ingenuous escapades in school and at a picnic while courting a young coquette and his diverting fights make the picture a chuckle five reels long.

FOR those unacquainted with the original play, "What Every Woman Knows," will probably be alluring enough, with glimpses of Scotch pawkiness all too rare except when Sir Harry Lauder burrs his way in. But for those who saw this delicious piece when Maude Adams acted it, the conviction is inevitable that Barrie is caviar to the screen. William De Mille has kept reverentially to the comedy in his film version, and while some of the sauce is missing, there's enough of the original dish to arouse an appetite for Barrie in new circles who may not hold his name in awe ordinarily. His Wilson is somewhat too self-effacing as Maggie, but Conrad Nagel gives a well-sustained portrayal of the self-sufficient Samson who found that his locks of strength were really worn by his wife.

PLAYING a homely character is no novelty for Will Rogers—he would probably himself explain that he is singularly gifted that way—but depicting a person whose mode of expression is homely and foreign to Rogers' customary crackling aphorisms, designed to make roof-patrons keep awake between freshets of pretty girls, is something as unusual with him as wearing on the screen a hat that fits him and is in style. In "Guile of Women," he essays a departure in the rôle of a Swedish sailor, and does it so well the type might very well be copyrighted in all countries, including the Scandinavian.

The story, itself, is simple enough, more ingenuous, indeed, than the extremely simple-minded sailor, and since it was written by Peter Clark McFarlane it is but natural that it should be strewn with shipping. Once again it seeks to settle the question whether women are honest, a subject that apparently won't down.

Fortunate it was that Will Rogers decided not to stick to cowboy rôles, for he lacks that touch of the swashbuckler which is necessary to make them go down easily on the screen, and moreover, the public has been shot to pieces by them.



THRILLING SCENE IN "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

HERE is a classic of the screen—Blasco Ibanez' famous novel lavishly and artistically filmed. A vivid, spectacular presentation of the terrors of the World War, some may take exception to it on the ground that it fans the still smouldering fires of international hates. Others are convinced it will serve a good purpose if it reminds the thoughtless, "lest they forget," what war, conducted by an unscrupulous, pitiless enemy, really means



Campbell Studios

Mlle. DAZIE

This well-known dancer is following the lead of Mae Murray, Dorothy Dickson and other terpsichorean artists in making her debut in pictures. She is almost the last of the distinguished line to succumb to the camera

AN EPIC OF THE WORLD WAR IN PICTURES

MARGUERITE CLARKE

After the first long vacation she has had in years, the diminutive favorite has returned to the cinema field, better—though not bigger—than ever.



C. Smith Gardner



Goldberg

RALPH GRAVES

Despite a brief experience in the films, this actor has been chosen to play a leading rôle in "Dream Street," a new production by D. W. Griffith, noted for his aptitude in plucking stars out of nowhere.



DOROTHY GISH

Kenneth Alexander

POPULAR STARS OF SCREENLAND

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



(Above)
"She Stoops to Conquer" with its periwigged men and silken hoop-skirted ladies, lost not one wit of its charm and fascination in the capable hands of the players of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles. And nothing daunted by lack of a suitable stage set they stretched tapestry cretonne over frames, using solid doors and windows with excellent effect.

(Center)
A fanciful scene from "The Color Seeker," in which the Moon sprites—The Northern Lights and the Dreams pay homage to the enthroned Moon Queen, in the Junior Show at Mount Holyoke College.



A play of dreams and star dust—"The Color Seeker," an original phantasy presented by the Junior Class of Mount Holyoke College, has a thread of serious thought interwoven with a bit of musical comedy and fairy tale. It concerns the anxiety of a young artist to find the color that will make his masterpiece. He is here shown, dreaming of the evanescent color, when the Moon Queen comes to conduct him to her home in the clouds.



© Lumière

Josephine Fetter Royle, daughter of the playwright, Edward Milton Royle, as Queen Gertrude and Signe Larsen as Hamlet, in the Closet Scene from "Hamlet" given by the Dramatic members of The Three Arts Club, New York. Each year the Dramatic members give a play which managers, directors and distinguished actors and actresses are invited to watch.

Out of town students of Music, Drama and Painting, find in The Three Arts Club, a home that is inspirational because of its artistic atmosphere and the companionship of fellow workers.

Musical Suggestions for Pageants and Plays

By ROLAND HOLT

AS Opera is designed to be the most dramatic form of music, most of the following selections are operatic. It is almost needless to say that producers should avoid using music of a strong national association with episodes laid in a different nation, as for instance Berlioz' *Hungarian March* with a mythological route, or the *Aida March* for Pilgrim episodes, though *The Sigurd Jorsulf* March, as it is unfamiliar, might possibly be used for either.

MARCHES

- *Ivanoff's *March of the Sirdar*.
- Bizet's *Smugglers' March* from *Carmen*.
- *Rubinstein's *Ferocious March*.
- *Halvorsen's *Entry of The Boyars* has almost a dancing lilt.
- *Grieg: *Sigurd Jorsulf* March, very exalted.
- Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*. Against a more trivial theme, is set a broad magnificent one with a sense of apotheosis.

Splendid marches can be made from the leading theme of the last movement of either Dvorak's *New World Symphony* or Tschai-kowsky's *Fifth* (a Conquering March).

DEAD MARCHES

- Sullivan: March to the block, with tolling bell, from *Yeomen of the Guard*.
- *Tschai-kowsky: March, with minute gun or bass drum, off stage, from *Hamlet* (used by Forbes Robertson).
- *Beethoven: *Funeral March of a Hero*, transcribed from Piano score.
- *Mahler: *Hunter's Funeral March*, from 1st Symphony.

SOMBRE, DESPAIRING OR OMINOUS MUSIC.

- *Prelude to Wolf's glen scene Weber's *Freischutz*.
- *Men's Chorus of Ghosts from Sullivan's *Ruddy Gore*.

Musical Masterpieces Interpreting the Gamut of Moods and Emotions from Grave to Gay, as an Accompaniment to Plays and Pageants

- *Prelude last act Verdi's *Traviata* (gentle lament).
- Opening of Liszt's *Tasso* (deep and growling).
- *Opening of Liszt's 2nd Rhapsody (deep and growling).
- *Massenet: *Elegie*.
- *Grieg: *Asa's Death* (from *Peer Gynt Suite*)
- *Tschai-kowsky: *Chanson Triste*.
- and, best of all, arrangement from last movement of Tschai-kowsky's *Pathetic Symphony*.

WAVES, WIND, TEMPEST, ETC.

- *Grieg's *Peer Gynt's Voyage Home* (from 2nd Suite).
- *Schubert's *The Earl King*.
- **(a)* Rachmaninoff's *Prelude*. Opus 23 No. 5 for wild driving. March.
- **(b)* Rossini: Storm from *William Tell* overture.
- *Best of all—Wagner's storm from *Flying Dutchman* overture.

DANCES OF EVIL FAIRIES, AUTUMN LEAVES, ETC.

- The Wild Hunt, end Wolf's Glen scene in Weber's *Freischutz* (for a wild rout).
- *Grieg's *In the Hall of the Mountain King* (*Peer Gynt*).
- *St. Saen's *Dance of Death*.
- *Joyce's Melancholy waltz, *Song d'Automne* (for Autumn).

ELVES, NYMPHS, FAUNS, GOOD FAIRIES, ETC.

- **(a)* Mendelssohn: *Midsommer Night's Dream*.
- **(b)* Fairy Music from Sullivan's *Iolanthe*.
- Dance of The Will o' the Wisp and
- *Waltz of The Sylphs, both from Berlioz's *Damnation*.
- *Delibes: *Sylvia* ballet.

DREAMY HAUNTING MUSIC FOR VISIONS, ETC.

- Gounod: Prelude to Tomb Scene, *Roméo and Juliet*.
- *Wagner: *Dreams*.
- *St. Saens: *The Swan*.
- *Sibelius: *False Triste*.
- *Beethoven: *Moonlight Sonata*.
- Weber: Vision Music from *Euryanthe* Overture.
- *Victor Herbert: Melody of Dream Song, *The Enchantress*.

PASTORAL MUSIC, WITH RHYTHM ENOUGH TO BRING ON GROUPS.

- *Grieg: Morning Voices (*Peer Gynt*).
- *Handel: Pastoral Symphony from *The Messiah*.
- *Tschai-kowsky: *Andante Cantabile* (from String Quartet).
- Dvorak: Arrangement of principal melody from Andante of *New World Symphony*.

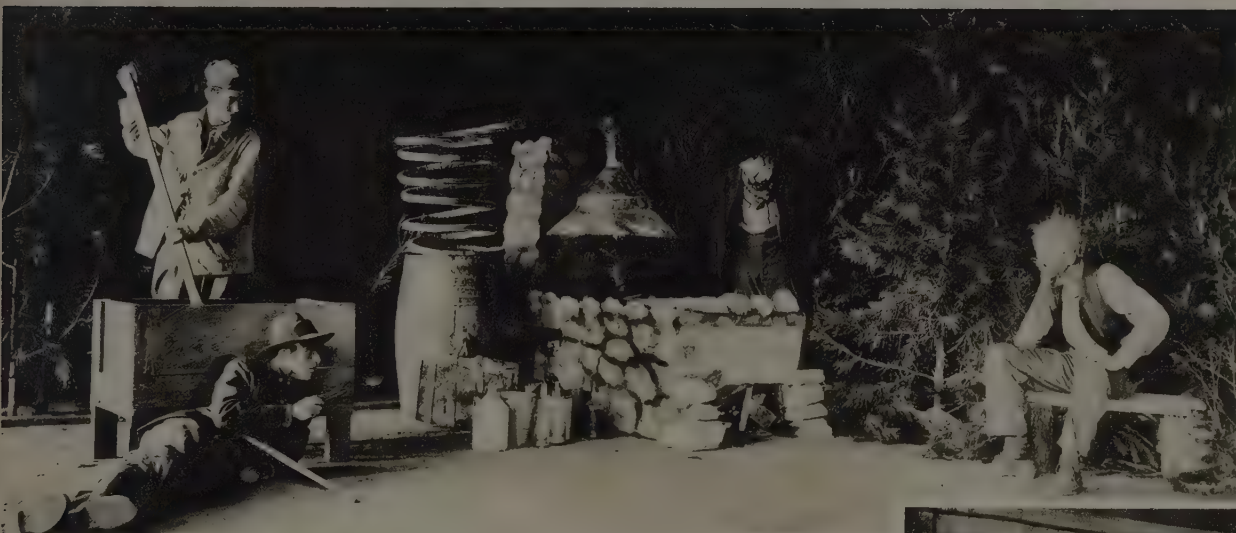
FROM DARKNESS TO HOPE, ECSTASY AND THE FREED SOUL.

- These seldom can be found in the same piece, one gets the contrast though, to some extent in:
- *Liszt: *The Preludes*. Use themes of conflict and triumph near end.
- *Tschai-kowsky: End 1st Movement *Pathetic*. Conflict followed by triumphant love-song.
- *Wagner: Lohen- (Continued on page 384)



Original Folk-Plays Written
and Produced by the Carolina
Playmakers Under the Direc-
tion of Frederick H. Koch, at
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A scene from *The Hag*; a comedy of North Carolina Folk-Superstition, by Elizabeth A. Lay, who also designed the log cabin setting and directed a group of amateurs in the painting. GRANNY BATTS is thought to be a witch by her neighbors, because of her shrewish temper. When some small boys undertake to catch the old hag with spells, trouble follows and the whole family are driven out by the witch.



Photos Wooten-Moulton



A scene from *The Third Night*, a mountain play of the supernatural, by Thomas Wolfe who also acts the part in his play of Captain Richard Harkins, a degenerate Southern gentleman. In this scene DORSET, the Captain's henchman hears from the half-breed COGSWELL, the story of a murder by THE CAPTAIN.

(Center)
"Dod Gast Ye Both!", a comedy of Mountain moonshiners, was written by Hubert Heffner who plays the part of Sink in his own play, and who also designed and directed the setting with a real still captured from Orange County moonshiners and loaned by the Revenue Officers to The Carolina Playmakers for use in their performance. In the scene NOAH, the boss of the Ridge, tells his "bootleggers" what he will do to his "gal" if she runs off with a "rovenooer."



In *The Last of the Lowries*, a play of the Robeson County Croatan Indian outlaws, by Paul Greene, HENRY BERRY, the last of the gang, comes back to say goodbye to his sister, JANE, and to the old mother.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

FRESH interest and activity in the production of community dramas are being shown in a large number of cities. New developments are taking place in Washington, D. C., Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and in many towns and cities of Oregon, Washington, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Michigan and Indiana. An encouraging glimpse of some of these activities is given in a brief survey issued by Mrs. Mabel F. Hobbs, associated with The Bureau of Educational Dramatics of Community Service (Incorporated) 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Percy J. Burrell, specialist in educational dramatics, is now associated with Community Service. Mr. Burrell has organized and directed a number of large costume carnivals and pageants such as the World Missionary Pageant in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago and Detroit; "Caliban," at the Harvard Stadium, and "The Wayfarer," of the Inter-church World Movement.

Among the dramatic directors now serving on the Community Service staff are: Mrs. Mabel F. Hobbs, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Hanley, Miss Marjorie A. Day, Mr. Wilbur K. Ross, Miss Florence Wilbur, Miss Edna G. Keith, Miss Nina B. Lamkin, Mrs. Marie Moore Forrest, Mrs. May Pashley Harris, Mr. F. H. Farley, Miss Maude Frances, Mr. Harry F. Whittier, Miss Joy Higgins, Miss Marguerite Sharretts, and Miss Sue Anne Wilson.

Mrs. Hobbs is well-known as one of the organizers of The Children's Theatre Movement of the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. For many years she was in charge of the Department of Drama in Mrs. Dow's School at Briarcliff Manor. In collaboration with Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, she produced the first demonstration plays presented by the Educational Dramatic League of New York, the organization founded by Mrs. August Belmont.

Mrs. Hobbs is vice-president of The Inter-Theatre Arts Club. During the war she was in France with the Red Cross. Her contacts and experiences there helped to equip her for special service for The American Legion, which is one important feature of the work she has been doing since her entry into Community Service. In the outline and general production of plays, musical comedies, minstrel shows, etc., put on by various chapters of the Legion all over America, constant co-operation is given by Community Service Bureau of Educational Dramatics. The bureau gives expert advice in the selection of plays, the planning of stage lighting and setting, and advice as to coach and directors.

A COMMUNITY theatre has just been established in San Francisco. Plays written by local playwrights and put on by groups of



Mrs. Austin Latting Hobbs, Acting Director of Bureau of Educational Dramatics, Community Service, Inc.

local players were presented during the first two opening weeks and plays are to continue twice a week throughout this year and succeeding years.

This little theatre is located on the third floor of the Exposition Auditorium and has a seating capacity of 300. It is an outgrowth of the dramatic section of the San Francisco Community Service Recreation League, which in turn succeeded the War Camp Community Service in furnishing entertainment for the soldiers and sailors at Mare Island, Letterman and the Marine Hospitals, at Goat Island, the forts around the city, as well as the Old Ladies' Home, San Francisco Hospital, Juvenile Detention Home, Y. M. H. A., Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Alcatraz and Angel Islands. Chester V. Rosekrans is executive Secretary of the league and Henry L. Mayer is prominently associated with him.

The city Board of Supervisors granted the permanent use of the hall as a theatre. Scenery and equipment were furnished by local organizations and individuals interested in promoting community dramatics, opera and concerts in the Golden Gate city. The artist, Ray Coyle, contributed his services in planning the stage and painting the scenery and decorations.

It is the intention of the Recreation League to use discrimination in the matter of plays and present only classic and other plays of the highest type. Already a number of excellent one- and two-act plays have been given.

The community theatre is also interesting music lovers of the city through the presentation of musical plays, as well as affording an opportunity for the presentation of high-class music along all lines.

Among the dramatic coaches who are now scheduled to present plays at the new theatre are: Miss Mae Frances O'Keefe, Miss Frank Towslee and Frederick Smith of the Players'

Club, Sidney Schlesinger and Mrs. Sylvian Lisberger. E. M. Cameron of the Bohemian Club has also volunteered his services as a director. Mr. Cameron directed Percy Mackaye's play, "A Thousand Years Ago," not long since, and produced a number of the Bohemian Club's "Grove Plays," as well as plays for the Masons at Scottish Rite Auditorium and for the various state universities of California. Mr. Coyle designed and executed the decorations in the California Theatre, the Hotel Stewart and in the new Ambassador Hotel of Los Angeles.

A small fee is charged at the theatre in order to defray the expense of costumes and other incidentals which the league has no funds to cover.

The first play selected for presentation in the new Community Theatre was, "The Breaking of the Calm," by Dan Totherotti, given successfully last season at the Player's Club and since then repeatedly asked for.

* * *

THE dramatic section of the San Francisco Community Service Recreation League has a membership of 250 young men and women, who work in groups under nine coaches, and their work is supplemented by 209 readers, musicians and dancers, who are available at all times for entertainment purposes.

All such entertainment furnished by the league to any club, hospital or other organization is given entirely free of charge, as all coaches and other entertainers contribute their services. The players, who are students of the drama and non-professionals, likewise receive their training gratuitously.

This Community Service Dramatic School has regular rehearsals every Monday evening in the Emporium Service Building and irregular rehearsals additional all week at various places. It is showing steady progress. More than twelve different plays have been produced thus far and about an equal number are in course of preparation. The plays from this school are giving great added enjoyment to the Community Service programs which are being sent to Army posts, prisons and local institutions.

In fact, the dramatic work has so attracted the attention of the United States Army officials that the Ninth Corps area Headquarters has turned over to the Community Service office their entire stock of play books purchased by the Government, and has unofficially put the dramatic work in the various Army posts in the hands of the Community Service Music and Entertainment Department.

* * *

DEEP in the wooded recesses of the Alabama coal mining region in the camps of The Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, (Continued on page 378)

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



Specially posed photographs
by Ira Hill Studio



EDNA HIBBARD, the winsome ingenue in that satirical comedy "The Bad Man," has a hobby. It is—Negligees! In high glee over several new designs from Doris Cleveland, we persuaded Miss Hibbard that the public should not be denied the pleasure of seeing these exquisite fashions. They are really tea gowns, or tea dresses, or robes intime,—that indispensable garment essential to expressing personality.

The upper photograph shows a Mexican trouser design made of sage green crepe, embroidered in rich dark silks to the knee, and fringed in gold at the sides and about the ankles. Over this is worn the upper garment of emerald green satin, a loose bodice with rows of gold fringe across the front. There is a short train of gold cloth over the longer one of burnt orange chiffon, which forms an arm decoration, held in place with a bracelet of gold fringe. The two Grecian gowns explain themselves—one of rose pink charmeuse, pink chiffon and dark red roses—the other of burnt orange satin, soft green chiffon tunic sleeves, and trimmings of green crystals.



*Ann Andrews in "The
Champion" persuades
us with drapery and
scarf*



The drooping feather and plume is even smarter now than ever, and if one has a slender face, the coque feather placed at either side of the hat is wonderfully smart.

(Lower panel)

Miss Andrews captures her audience in a glorious draped gown of American beauty velvet, with a wide panel train and huge corsage of dull gold and rose foliage. Today there is no style or effect without exquisite fabric.



Miss Andrews wears an all white gown of Sym-Fa-Ni brocade in the second act with an almost Empire waistline, round neck, and very short sleeves. The charm of the skirt wins us in the way the draperies cross in front, with a looped under-panel falling from the hips and finished with a ruching.

Ira Hill Studio



The color combination of this evening gown is entrancing—a long train of old blue chiffon is the charmer, in the clever manner it attaches itself to the gown of jade satin, and again it suggests very strongly the Directoire with the raised waistline and long, floating gossamer-like scarf.

A little cape-fichu of point d'esprit and an Empire frock of ciel blue silk poplin offer a new idea for summer. The skirt has bands of crosswise pleatings from waist to hem, and the poke bonnet nods gaily with three plumes of blue

(Small Panel)

The Directoire evening frock is Empire with a wee loose jacket of crystals and pearls. A head band of double ribbon and a huge fan must be a part of the costume



*Dorothy Dickson
introduces the Directoire
in frocks and ac-
cessories*

Ira Hill Studios

Models from
Joseph



Lots of dash and charm and perfectly practical is this modified Directoire suit—dark blue with suggestive bands of silver braid and a long waistcoat of white piqué, cut into a point with a huge fob of brilliants swinging from the pocket



Black charmeuse satin, slashed at the sides with an irregular short drapery at the Empire waistline, the effectiveness of the gown is found in the enormous oblong buckle and black Milan hat with cascading plume



Through
By
PAULINE MO

GALLI-CURCI'S FROCKS—

Now that our great coloratura, Galli-Curci is a bride, she is more beloved by the public than ever; and her husband, a finished accompanist and extremely ideal looking, adds to the romance of her very brilliant career! Naturally, we are all interested in the bride's wardrobe, and she has astonished her wistful admirers with the talent she has acquired for style values. From her large collection of daytime and evening gowns, made and designed by Gidding, we have sketched two very smart models which can be worn with furs, or effectively beneath the fashionable long wrap.

To the left is a chemise gown of navy Georgette, girdled with a narrow, low waistline and a puffy, soft bow of taffeta at the side back. Copper and steel beads embroider themselves into delicate designs on the skirt, and in heavier pattern over the short sleeve and about the bust in Zouave effect. The neck is cut low across the shoulders. The drum-major turban is of blue satin with a stiff aigrette of copper and blue. Black Canton crepe must make an appearance in this notable wardrobe, so we show it in youthful style embroidered in small milk beads, boasting white Georgette insertions and tied about the waist with a cord of twisted pearls. A Marquise hat of black lisere flares in front, held with odd pearl ornaments. There is a subtle flattery about the tri-cornered hat, and it is always youthful—as the tailored Napoleon, or softened with burnt goose and straight ostrich across the front.



ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—

The name conjures with its gorgeous stage effects, beautiful girls and adorable frocks—frocks which are a bit extreme for social affairs, but always bearing the earmarks of advance fashions. The long basque and full skirt persists, and has resulted in a great vogue for crisp taffetas and lace gowns, emulating this silhouette. Of course, there will be no hoops, excepting in the transparent gown over a narrow foundation, when the bouffant effect will be secured with a delicate boning. The long bodice may be perfectly plain, or it may be shirred crosswise, but it must be snug, with buttons or bows down the front; sometimes the sleeves are tiny shoulder cuffs, or again they are a series of little puffs.

A picturesque negligée is worn in the Follies, one of the kind that is suitable for an after-the-theatre reception gown in one's own home. It is of gold brocaded cloth with a long court train lined throughout with chiffon, brocaded in black. Mousquetaire sleeves of gold tissue are adjustable, and reach to just below the shoulder. There are plenty of large hats worn in this production, which rather prophecies a coming vogue for picturesque millinery. Many of them have high crowns with tilted brims, like the one in the sketch, with a cluster of plumes, or if one prefers the smaller chapeau, let the feathers trail very long at the side or back. With all the talk about footwear, we were immensely interested in observing the elegance and simplicity of this style as sponsored by the celebrated Ziegfeld artists—plain satin slippers with matched plain stockings, usually a lovely taupe shade.

Opera Glass

AT THE RITZ—

In smart groups they stand in the corridors, or seat themselves in graceful poses about the tea table, invariably toying with jeweled cigarette cases, or a suspicious looking bauble resembling a flask! They are the fashionable of New York who reflect the most correct ideas of the fashion-makers. The wraps and gowns in the sketch are designed and drawn by Travis Banton as delightful suggestions for the new wardrobe, which is a paramount interest at the moment. One of the models has already caused a buzz of admiration at the Ritz—it is the coat-dress in the center of the sketch which was worn by Irene Bordoni. The coat is of white gabardine, bound with navy grosgrain silk, and buttoned with lapis-lazuli. Note the fullness at the sides—the irregular hem line, the swing of the sleeve and cut of collar!

Another wrap of black satin, fastens at the waist like a frock, gathering up into that clever silhouette that spells "style." This stunning model is lined with white flannel, with bands of monkey fur on collar and cuff. For the more tailored occasions, the two-tiered caped at the extreme left is appealing—very demure in gray gabardine and trimmed with lynx. We cannot get away from panels it seems, and who wants to, when a gown can bewitch us all made up in black pleated chiffon, with panels of black meteor. The sketch shows the very newest arrangement of veil and feathers, and curiously enough, even so late in the season, hats are fashioned of satin and taffeta.



THE TYRANNY OF LOVE—

"Adapted from the French," explained enough to interest us in the play, and the fact that Estelle Winwood had the leading feminine rôle, created a combination of possibilities for unusual gowns that lured us and proved a real treat. As the over-loving wife of a practical husband, Miss Winwood's gowns designed by Nancy, Inc., were evidently designed to beguile, without a suggestion of "vampiness." We have sketched her first act evening gown, which boasted not a vestige of trimming, but depended entirely on color and a new feature in the manner of securing décolleté. Deep coral chiffon with skimpy bodice and floating over-draped skirt in points sounds more or less commonplace, but notice in the sketch how novel is the cut of bodice—quite shallow in the neck, but bare across the shoulder and still more bare about the arm, exposing the under arm and back in a very radical manner.

Perhaps it was the red-gold hair, worn plain on top with forehead bang, and rolled low at the sides and back, that added an exquisite opalescent coloring in her appearance, or again it might have been those quaint old-fashioned side combs with heavy coral mountings and the matching chain of corals about her neck, but we decided on the moment, that Miss Winwood was typifying that much-abused and cartooned phrase "personality in dress." The negligée shown in the sketch challenges a more beautiful blending of color—dark blue chiffon over rose, melting into violet pastels—very long, quite high in front and back with again the décolleté effect across the shoulders. In the last act, her frock is of black crepe de Chine over dove gray which is glimpsed through the many bandings of fagoting which forms a yoke and apron design in the skirt.



The Eighteenth Century Setting of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott's New York Apartment

THE New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott is an unusually consistent example of Louis XVI decoration, a style often attempted but seldom successfully achieved. Eighteenth Century French furniture was designed by the great architects of the day to complete the architectural schemes of their rooms and so each piece is an individual work of art conceived for a particular setting. The architectural setting, Mrs. Olcott could not, of course, create within the limits of a New York apartment, but by carefully harmonizing all of the details the rooms have been made appropriate and coherent.

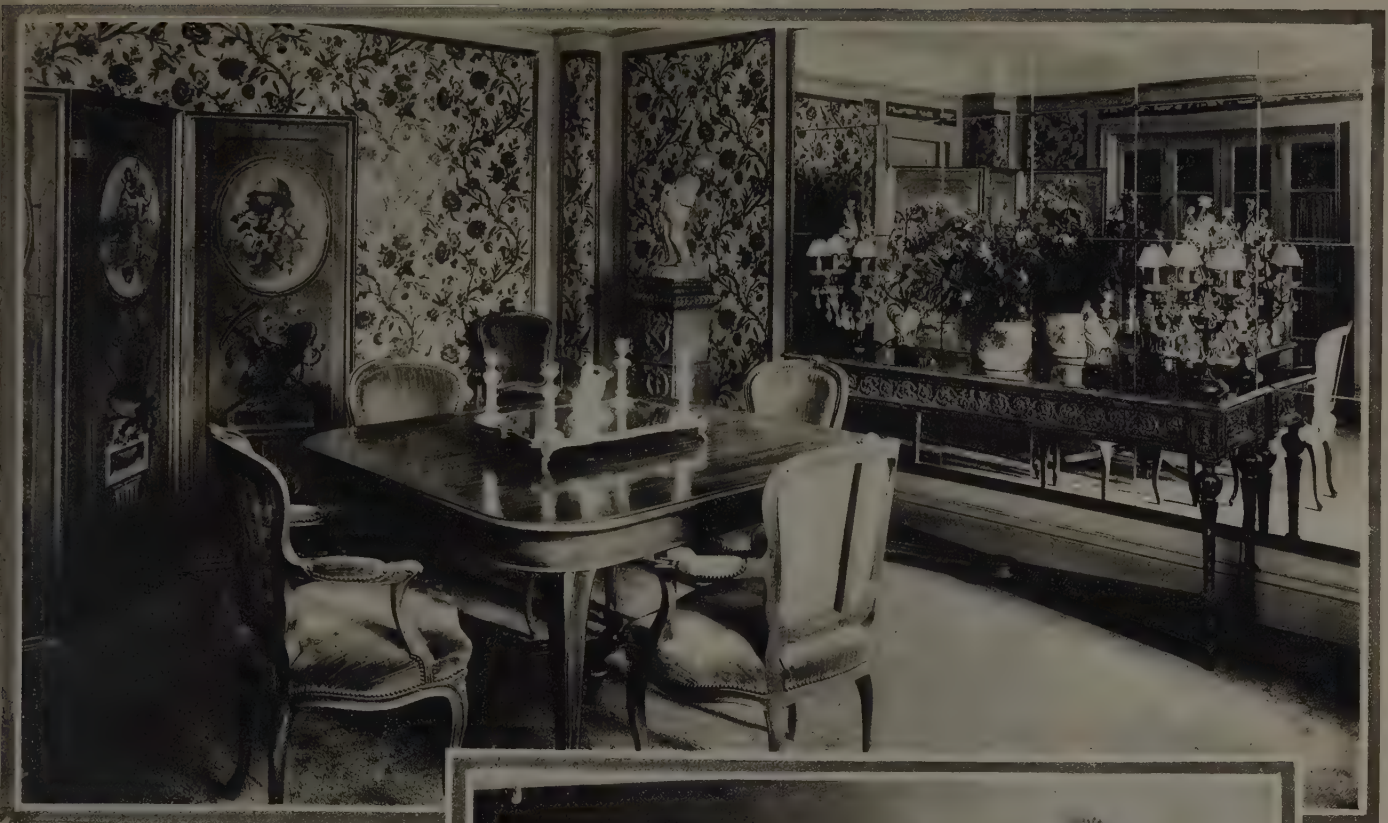
The light, soft colors to which Boucher converted all of late Eighteenth Century France are used throughout, but a wise introduction of strong pattern in fine old toiles de Jouy and brocades saves the decoration from the weakness and frivolity that has been the failing of many attempts to recreate this period.

Intimacy with elegance, richness and repose these are the decorative ideals of that period that have been kept in mind in the plans for each room.

Mrs. Olcott's bedroom is frankly for comfort but it has not sacrificed decorative charm. The bed is draped with toile de Jouy, the typical French XVIII Century printed linen, so called because the first shop to make it in France was established by Obenkampf in the village of Jouy near Versailles. The Chinese bird cage in the window is reminiscent of the romantic interest which the XVIII Century took in the Orient.



The simple draping of the rich brocade bed hangings and the formal restraint of the ormolu mounted Sevres bureau set prevent this small bedroom from seeming too crowded. The fine old Karabagh rug, its dull red and brown design embossed on a black ground that has been eaten away by a mordant dye, is a stimulating relief from the monotone of gray carpet and is quite congenial to the spirit of French decoration.



The dining room, the most successful room in the apartment, is a good example of the French XVIII Century principle of using a few concentrated centers of design in an otherwise bare room. The toile on the walls is after a famous old pattern. The cabriolet arm chairs and the table are a soft light green with the mouldings defined in gilt.



Subordinate centers of decoration with a wealth of detail are in accordance with the best XVIII Century tradition. Every piece in this charming collection of Dresden china, which really was made at Meissen, has a story of its own. For instance, the little lady riding on a goat in the center of the shelf next to the top is the wife of Count Bruhl's tailor. Count Bruhl was minister to Augustus III and director of the Meissen factory.

The French tradition demanded a formal drawing room. Modern convenience demanded a living room. Mrs. Olcott skilfully took the middle course. The richness of the striped and flowered brocades is well balanced by the directness of the *toile de Jouy* which is after a design by J. B. Huet, the most famous artist of the Jouy manufactory.



Even the telephone booth is XVIII Century French, a rich old gilt Sedan chair with daintily painted panels.

A sports costume of enchanting colors, consisting of a "sweater dress" of grey in drop stitch, with pleated skirt, and a knitted wrap of grey and yellow stripes with henna collar. From Altman.



Knitted sport garments have been the smart thing on the other side for some time and were immensely popular this Spring at Palm Beach. This wrap model from Altman's of alternate bands of white fibre silk and black wool could be worn for almost any occasion

Angelina Again Plays "General Utility"

NOTHING succeeds like success, so I'm told

I seem to have proven it, anyway, with my hat shopping of last month. They—the hats—were so extraordinarily successful in the wearing, that everybody kept saying . . . "What lovely hats you have this spring! Where did you get them? I wish you'd find *me* something as becoming."

So I promised to keep my eyes open as I went about. Which I did. Whenever I saw a hat that "looked like" a certain woman I would telephone her what and where it was, and suggest that she go down and try it on. I picked out with marvellous success by this method, at least a half dozen hats for different people.

One of them was for little Mona Celete of the "Greenwich Village Follies." I ran in to say Good-bye to her, in her dressing-room, on a matinee of the last week before the Follies went on the road. She, too, admired my chapeau, and said the same nice things. Miss Celete is such an adorable, round, "curly" person! Her dark hair curls, and her

dark eyes and eyelashes curl, and her smile curls. . . .



With a lovely little image of her in my eyes I went into "the Hats" at Altman's. And the first hat I saw was just meant for Mona Celete . . . a small, "curly" black hat, its turned-up brim faced with bachelor buttons, and a wide grosgrain ribbon of bachelor-button-blue placed flat across the crown and coming through two slits in the sides, to hang down in long ends. The incarnation of Spring and youth and freshness . . . and taking just that to wear it. Behold it here!

I telephoned Miss Celete later on in the day, and asked her to meet me next morning at Altman's . . . and she came down and in five minutes made the hat her own. Not only that, but a friend she brought with her snatched up the just-arrived Paris model (it is pictured beside it) of 1880 mould, in dark taupe grey with a lighter taupe satin ribbon.

Leaving "the Hats," we ran across the loveliest imported knitted dresses and wraps in the sports department. I sent my sketcher back to picture them, as above. Study them well for they are the latest word!



Gounod, composer of Faust, at work in his study

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

"ADELINA PATTI joins me in a mutual ecstasy and admiration for your piano," wrote Charles Gounod to William Steinway in 1888. Here at Steinway Hall there is a cherished collection of inspiring tributes from the greatest artists in every field of music. The Steinway is the piano of Kreisler as well as of Paderewski. Sir Edward Elgar esteems it

as highly as did Franz Liszt. And when Leopold Stokowski writes, "the Steinway stands unequalled," he epitomizes the opinion of Richard Wagner no less than his own. Truly the Steinway is the chosen instrument of the creators and the interpreters of great music. Is there any wonder, then, that it is also the chosen instrument of the *lovers* of great music?

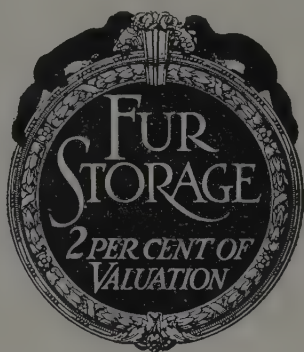
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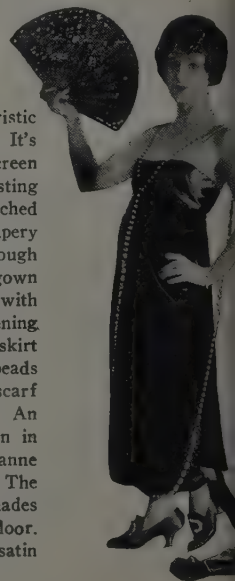
The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 359)

MOLLIE KING in the frolicsome musical comedy "Blue Eyes" introduces some airy frocks for very warm days. A little burst of applause greeted her appearance in a creation of apple green chiffon and white, which we have illustrated at the right. The white makes its début in a design of daisies, cut out of organdie, and tacked on to the whimsically hung skirt, and around the flowing long sleeve. The very attractive feature is the long bloused bodice, with a shallow jacket bound in white taffeta. Again in the play, Miss King wears the very long bouffant lace gown, noticeably longer, made of lace distended widely at the hip. The long taffeta bodice is finished with an old time fichu, held in place with a large cameo pin. And lace mits, I will have you know, must accompany the gown! This quaint fashion is again very smart.



KATHLEEN MARTYN, one of the English beauties in the Ziegfeld Follies, is wearing some entrancing frocks. She has made a decided impression, and to add to her distinction, Helleu, the famous etcher, has just made a portrait of her. We have to be content, however, with showing just a photograph of Miss Martyn in a demure little gown made by Lucile; one which is typical, by the way, of the one-piece frock to be worn this summer. It is the fashionable combination of taffeta and organdie—crisp and dainty! Orchid taffeta shows the bib of the bodice and the skirt made in one with the balance of the costume in white organdie and black cire ribbon. Along with this comes the silk chapeau, trimmed in lace and flowers, or perhaps a huge bow of organdie. Taffeta promises to be *distingue* throughout the season, in frocks, hats and parasols. Another quaint outfit which Miss Martyn is yet to wear, gathers together a full gathered skirt and long straight bodice of French dotted swiss—red dots on black with heaps of red beads edging the sleeve and where the skirt joins the bodice. Down the front from neck to hem is a panel of black lace net—very chic, don't you think?



ELSIE FERGUSON in one of her characteristic gowns, worn in true Elsie Ferguson fashion! It's one of the lovely creations worn in the screen version of "Sacred and Profane Love." Suggesting the Directoire, the simply draped skirt is attached to a diminutive Empire bodice, the over-drapery consisting of swinging brilliants, attached as though they were lengths of fringe. The ankle-length gown reveals a skimpy underskirt of chiffon edged with black chenille. One of her very youthful evening frocks is of turquoise blue taffeta, full circular skirt with a sleeveless bodice almost entirely of beads and crystals. With this trails the jeweled scarf and fan, which are the artistic accessories. An adorable evening gown worn by Miss Ferguson in private life is a new model made of blue panne velvet with harem skirt and brocade basque. The skirt is held high at the waistline with three shades of chiffon swinging in long sash ends to the floor. Having the bodice of rich brocade with dark satin skirt is the very latest!

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by
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This clever booklet gives entertainment and advice regarding the whims of fashion. It will be sent on request.

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Betty Wales Dressmakers

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*Betty Wales
Dresses*
MADE IN U.S.A.

(Continued from page 364)

Spring Furs

Hudson Bay Sable
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New models are now ready
for next Fall and Winter.
We are taking orders for
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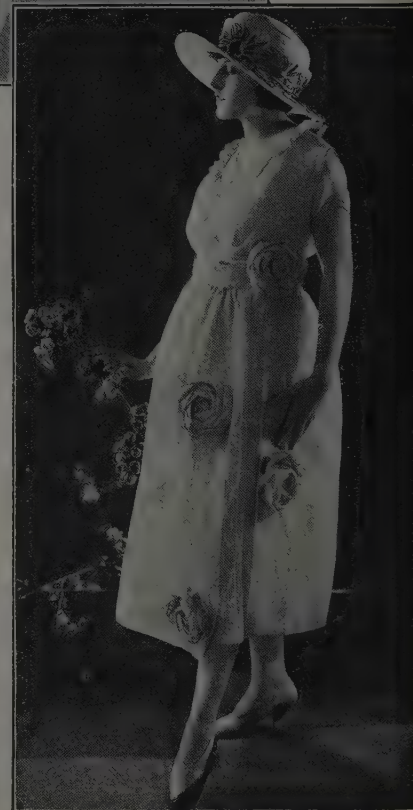
Balch, Price & Co.
Fulton and Smith Streets, Brooklyn, New York



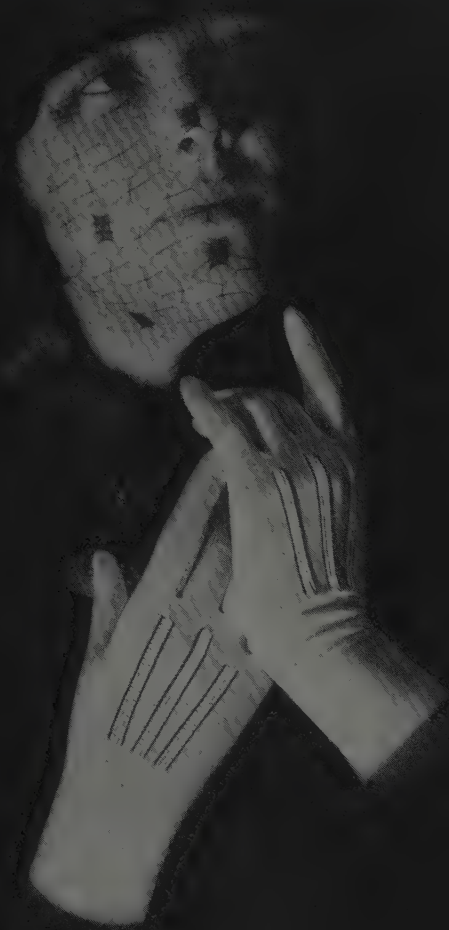
Models from
Bonwit Teller
& Co.

MISS SADIE MULLEN, who is attracting considerable attention on the screen, wears one of the new model yachting outfits of blue and white English cricket flannel. It is one of the few unbelted coat styles, finished at a low waistline with a band of black cire ribbon. The skirt is plain, save for tiny pleats which are inserted below the pocket, giving plenty of width at the lower edge. A feature of this season's sports clothes shows an absence of buttons, or when they do figure, they appear as links, generally at the waistline. The black velvet coat with white flannel skirt we think tremendously effective.

Organdie, dotted swiss and linen are the favorite summer fabrics, and the vogue for full skirt and straight bodice increases. The peasant frock with quaint sleeve puffs is much favored, and lovely lace gilets and embroidered vestees are the chief ornamentation on all sheer gowns. In the organdie worn by Miss Mansfield, the apron tunic is featured, the costume made all in one, the opening down the front concealed by the side fastening of the tunic.



Martha Mansfield displays the beauty of youth in an orchid organdie over flesh, which lend their colors in the rosette trimming



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of well-gloved hands

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Double-tipped for double wear

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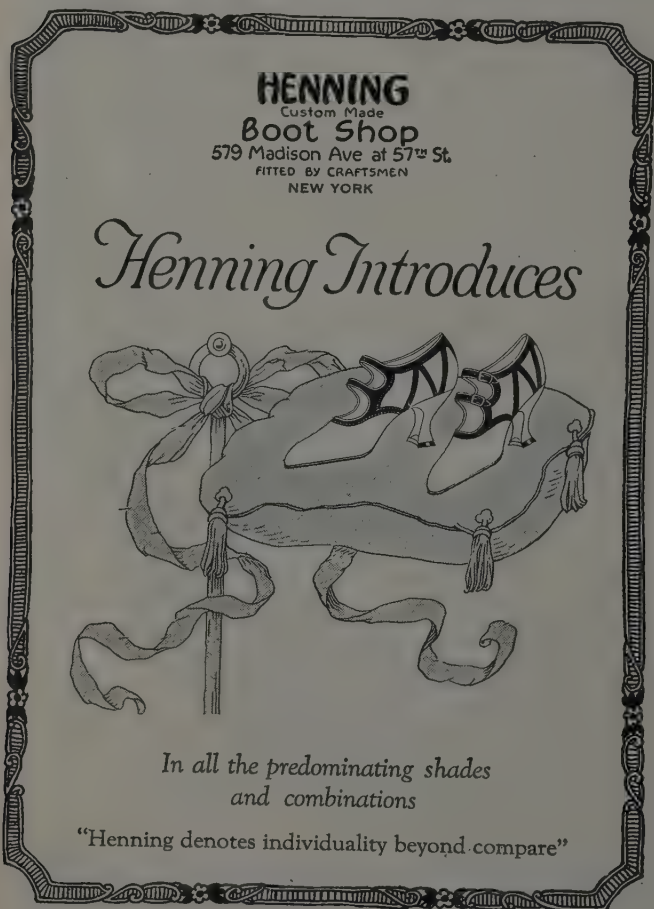
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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you can't be an actress the next best thing is to have some work that takes you in and among the profession. We love particularly, ourselves, going behind the scenes. We love the damp, musty smell, the odor of grease paint and powder Therefore, we have been entirely satisfied that during the past months we have had occasion to visit the dressing-rooms of many gracious actresses. Always we gather in information greatly to our—and others—advantage, in the matter of costumes and the acquiring of "looks."

The last visit on our list was to the dressing-room of Miss Ann Andrews, leading lady of "The Champion," in the Longacre Theatre. "Half-hour" had not yet been called and we found Miss Andrews stretched out on her chintz-covered lounge under the ministrations of her maid, who was wielding an electric vibrator.

"DO sit down," Miss Andrews said, "and Alice will be through with me in a minute. I had a bit of a headache when I came in and there is nothing like the vibrator for taking it away."

So we sat for a minute admiring the effect that Miss Andrews' beautiful coloring made in contrast with a pale lemon negligée.

"Now I'm quite all right," said she presently, sitting up. "Isn't this vibrator a wonderful invention! I wonder if you are as much a slave to it as I am?"

We said our only acquaintance with the vibrator was when it was used on our heads in treating our hair in a beauty shop. We knew the splendid results from that, but we had always thought of the vibrator as being installed there and much too rich and precious for individual personal ownership.

"Oh, but it isn't," responded Miss Andrews enthusiastically, "it's quite within the range of any woman's pocketbook. It's positively *cheap*, considering And so simple to use. You can attach it anywhere where there is an electric socket, and though it's nice and restful to have someone manipulate it for you, still you can easily use it yourself. And what it does for you . . . ! As you mentioned just now, vibration is wonderful for the hair. It stimulates the circulation of the scalp, and after all, that's about all the secret there is to a beautiful head of hair, isn't there? I have Alice go over my head at least once a day.

AND if it's wonderful for the circulation of the scalp, it's just as wonderful for the circulation in the face . . . or any part of the body. The blood is brought to the surface and all impurities and waste are eliminated and carried away. I can bring a lovely color into my cheeks in a few minutes

"You see how clever it is, too! There's a different kind of little implement to be inserted in the vibrator proper, for each different operation. This one for the hair, and this one for massage—and by the way, the electric vibrator is the only kind of massage of which I really approve—and this one for the body, to keep your figure in trim. So many of my actress friends use it to keep their figures down. It certainly is the greatest little all-round friend in the world. If I have an ache or a pain anywhere, I immediately rush for the vibrator."

"We are going to rush for one immediately ourselves," we said, as we told Miss Andrews farewell.

"Oh, I forgot to say," she called after me, "be sure to get the ——— Vibrator. It's the only *real* one!"

As we came out we heard little Rosalind Fuller, the ingénue, telling some masculine member of the company, "it couldn't possibly have been her arms that came off on his coat, because she always used Valaze Whitener, and that never came off on anything."

(For the name of the "only real" electric vibrator used by Miss Andrews, write *The Vanity Box*, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City).



Miss
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Calhoun

*Refreshing
in fragrance
and effect*

This pure snow-white emollient has a refining influence upon the face and hands that is highly gratifying.

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May be purchased in all cities and towns in U. S. and Canada.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 4c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money. Write

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LAP UNIONS, STEEL-ENVELOPE CHEMISES, SPORTS
BLOOMERS, PETTICOCKERS, VANITIES AND CAMISOLES.



MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 342)

time an appeal to the physical senses alone.

There were several numbers of superior excellence, in performance as well as promise, danced by pupils and semi-professionals; some of them quite young children; among which mention may include: "The Faun," by Caldwell Watson; "Rustling Leaves," by Nancy Olds; "Song of India," by Janet McClure, and a "Tibetan Dance," by William Bayne. A small orchestra provided some charming music for the dances, and there was a Symposium in the interest of the movement, in which Mr. S. L. Rothapel of the Capitol Theatre, Mr. M. D. C. Crawford, and Madame Lubovska participated.

LONGACRE. "THE HERO." Play in three acts by Sam Forrest. Produced March 14 with this cast:

Andrew Lane	Grant Mitchell
Hester Lane	Kathlene McDonell
Sarah Lane	Blanche Frederici
Andrew Lane, Jr.	Graham Lucas
Oswald Lane	Robert Ames
Marthe Roche	Jetta Goudal

AFTER being fed up on soldier-hero plays and stories for a considerable time past, it is somewhat of a relief to meet a hero whose shining glory is a bit tarnished. Gilbert Emery's "Hero" is of the type who distinguishes himself on the battlefield amid a fanfare of trumpets but who is all sorts of a rotter at home, especially in his dealings with women.

Robert Ames, in the title rôle, gives a characterization of the rotter, with startling realism. Oswald Lane is a despicable type—lazy, living on the earnings of his hard-working middle-class brother, flirting with his brother's wife, seducing a young Belgian girl, a member of his brother's household, winding up his career of crime by stealing five hundred dollars of a church fund—and Robert Ames permits him to be a rotter every second of the time. The

inevitable happy ending, without which most plays are financial failures, switches the villain out of character, and makes him a hero at the last minute, when he saves his nephew from a burning schoolhouse, sacrificing his own life in so doing.

Grant Mitchell, as the real hero of the play—heroic in an honest, loving, plodding way—tinges his rôle with pathos, as does Jetta Goudal, the betrayed little foreigner; and Kathlene McDonell, the wife who rebels at the drabness of her middle-class life. Blanche Frederici, the masculine appearing mother of the soldier and his brother, depends principally on her queer, old fashioned clothes for laughs and gets them.

The play could well dispense with some of its blasphemous lines.

TIMES SQUARE. "THE RIGHT GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Percy Wenrich. Book by Raymond W. Peck. Produced March 15 with this cast:

Anthony Stanton	Earle Benham
Henry Watkins	Robert Woolsey
John Freeman	Frank Munnell
Barry Darcy	Rapley Holmes
Dora Darcy	Carolyn Thomson
Molly Darcy	Dolly Connolly
Arthur Cadman	Harry Redding
Valera Valador	Helen Montrose

THIS new production has nothing to recommend it except a pleasant tune or two by Percy Wenrich, and a hard-working, spirited lot of chorus girls.

For some unexplained reason, as the dramatic stage improves, the musical stage gets worse. I am beginning to think that spontaneous humor of the sort that gives life to the girl shows cannot be written during rehearsals at Bryant Hall. When the Vaudeville in Paris wants a revue that will make 'em sit up, its intelligent management seeks a Sacha Guitry to do it; the Capucines hunt up Jacques Bousquet.

(Continued on page 374)

Posed by
Miss Hope Hampton,
the well known star



What a variety of ingenious design treatments are made possible with ribbons! This charming frock is made entirely of "J. C." Light Blue Faille Ribbon.

"J. C." Ribbons are America's Best Ribbons. Ask for them by name at leading ribbon departments.

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40 East 30th Street New York

Send 10 cents for new RIBBONOLOGY—
shows how to make useful ribbon novelties.

STAGE HAND ETHICS

(Continued from page 334)

many vaudeville acts the performer requires an extra figure in a sketch which it would not pay him to carry as a regular member of his company. So he gets a stage-hand to do it for him. And here comes in the etiquette. The same performer may play a house season after season, but if once he has selected a stage-hand to help him in his act, he must take him again each time he comes so long as the stage-hand is employed by the theatre—unless it is the opinion of disinterested persons that he is "rotten." Even then, it is not easy

to make a change, for it is a positive conviction among stage-hands that none of their fraternity can be as bad as the average actor already in the business. So the original man generally retains the part—which in nine acts out of ten, consists merely in standing still on the stage to be talked at—until he is tired of it, or until the act goes out of existence.

All of which tends to show that there are many sides to the life of the unseen overalled *deus ex machina* back stage.



"Onyx" Hosiery

With "Pointex" Heel



This exclusive "ONYX" feature was designed to supplant the old, unsightly square heel reinforcement. It is fashioned so that its smooth, unbroken lines enhance the grace of trim feminine ankles.

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.

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NEW YORK

(Concluded from page 326)



Sheridan

FIFTH AVENUE AT 366

SWEETLY demure, is this little dance frock of Faille Silk with hand-made french flowers and lace as a decorative motif. Styled in sky blue, rose, flame, jade and shimmering white.

Typical of the charm and originality of the exclusive Sheridan modes

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FROCKS : GOWNS : WRAPS

which as a picture of crafty vindictiveness can scarcely be equalled; while those who have followed Scotti's career will recall with delight his performance of Don Juan in Mozart's too rarely played opera, in which he shone as a graceful actor. Scotti's comedy also is of an excellent brand; witness his impersonations in "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Crispino e la Comare," and his Marcel in "La Bohème."

Among living women, Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar take high rank as singing actresses. The former is world-famous for her creations of Louise, Thais, Salomé, Cléopâtre, Mélisande, Le Jongleur, and Monna Vanna, and these, by no means, exhaust her repertory. She brings to all her parts a great personality, a high intelligence, a sense of character, and above all, an allure which place her in a class by herself. Genius is a word not lightly to be used, but it may safely be attributed to Mary Garden, who has recently crowned her operatic achievements in Europe and America by becoming director of the Chicago Opera Company.

And as for Geraldine Farrar, that incorrigible idol of the American public, she has won her place as actress as well as singer by indomitable perseverance as well as uncommon native ability. Her Butterfly, Tosca, and more recently her Zaza and Louise, display a decided sense of character, attention to points of detail and an artistic roundness which

demonstrate that she has applied herself to the dramatic side of her earnestly and successfully. She would do well, however, to moderate her tendency to extravagance.

Most of those referred to come well within the category of great singing actors, and there may be a few others who have not been named who deserve the distinction. One might refer with admiration and gratitude to recent impersonations such as those of the exquisite Lucrezia Bori, so happily restored to all her powers, as Mimi, and Florentino in "L'Amore dei Tre Re," in both of which parts she acts as beautifully as she sings: and also to the supremely fine acting of Dufranne and Baklanoff, of the Chicago Opera Company, in that essentially French idyll, "Le Chemineau," an opera of the same genre as "Louise," and equally notable in its way. Dufranne is an actor as well as singer of unusually fine quality. The same may be said of the Russian, Adam Didur, who follows Chaliapine closely as Boris, and who as the blind Archibaldo in "L'Amore dei Tre Re," is a positively appalling figure.

But such instances can only have passing reference here. To conclude more and more in these days attention is being paid on the operatic stage to dramatic impersonation, and it may justly be affirmed that the quality all round of acting in opera is at least not below that of what is sometimes miscalled the legitimate drama.



A DENIAL FROM MR. HEARST

In the April copy of this magazine there appeared (page 244) under the heading "Dressing Room Gossip," a paragraph to the effect that William Randolph Hearst was about to make his debut as a Broadway producer. It was stated that Mr. Hearst had secured a play by an author of wide reputation, which would shortly be produced under the auspices of one of the Hearst organizations. The paragraph also went on to say that, while this would be Mr. Hearst's debut as producer, he had always been a patron of the dramatic arts, having himself backed several of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Since this paragraph was printed, the publishers of the THEATRE MAG-

ZINE have received a communication from Mr. George B. VanCleve, General Manager of the Hearst International Film Service, denying in Mr. Hearst's name, the truth of the statements it contains. Mr. Hearst denies that he contemplates the stage production of any play, and he also denies that he has at any time backed the Ziegfeld Follies.

Mr. Hearst's only interests in the producing field are the Cosmopolitan Productions, namely: "Humoresque," "The World and His Wife," "The Restless Sex," "Heliotrope," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Straight Is the Way," "Buried Treasure," "Proxies," "The Inside of the Cup," "The Woman God Changed."

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Sophie Braslau's song this month, "Just a Little House of Love" is the plea of Woman for a house of her own, even though it may only be a "house not built by hands." The song is in a popular style, with a melody that may be easily learned—though to sing it like Miss Braslau will come to few in the living world.

The accompaniment surrounds it with generous harmonies.

This month John McCormack has gone to the very antipodes of the world of music by selecting "O Cease They Singing," a song which ranks beside the great songs of Schumann and Richard Strauss.



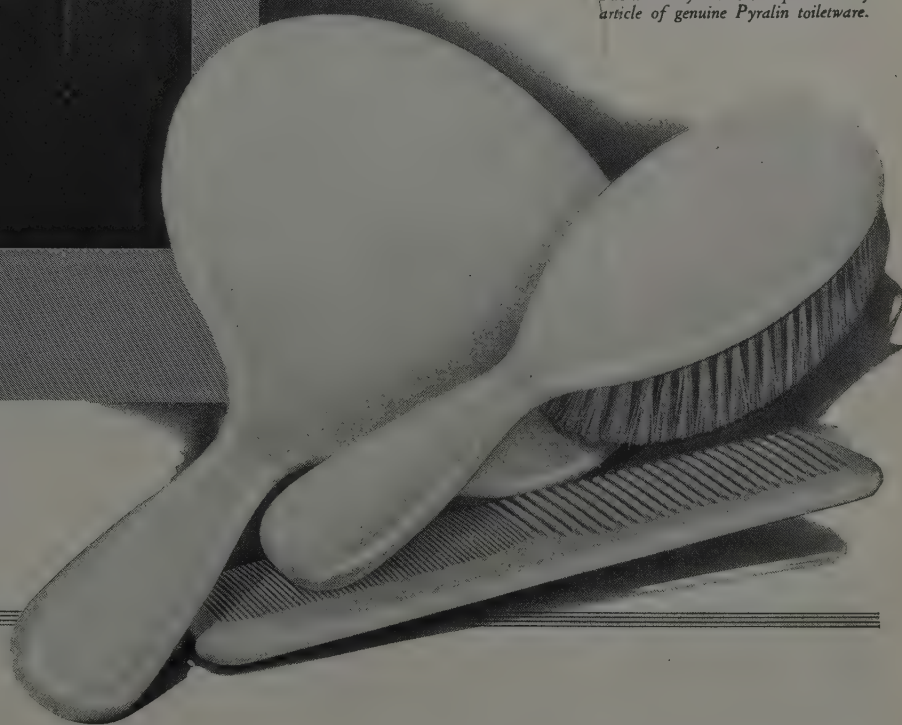
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Sits on thy skin like morning dew."

The portrait here reproduced is that of Madame Helena Rubinstein, by the great Parisian artist, Helleu, now visiting in this country.

Madame Helena Rubinstein—When this name is mentioned your mind will curiously enough, dwell neither on the woman whose portrait is before your eyes nor the great artist who created it, but on quite another thing. It is one of the caprices of fame that sometimes it deflects from a personality and centers on the subject with which that personality has been pre-eminently identified. In this instance, on the cult of Feminine Beauty and the Science which has been built up around it.

And yet, remove Madame Rubinstein's personality from this inspiring, life-enriching Cult of Beauty, and what will there be left? Only the antiquated paint, cold cream and rice-powder votaries; only the outworn practices of frumpish, dowdy make-up parlors.

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The opportunity should never be missed to consult Mme. Rubinstein, regarding the wonderful treatments which she gives at her various establishments. There, wrinkles are stamped out. Puffiness under the eyes and crows' feet are overcome. Blackheads and bad complexions in general as well as redness of the face and nose, large, coarse open pores are remedied. Mme. Rubinstein's mode of treating double chin, loss of face oval and relaxation of facial muscles is another of her achievements. And however radiant may be the complexion Mme. Rubinstein understands how to keep it in that condition for years to come.

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 370)

who, with his late friend Rip, has done the smartest comedy known to that delightful little theatre. Serious Frenchmen, these, who turn to wit as a sort of intellectual exercise, and whose product is considered just a little more important than any girl or any musical number in the piece.

So up and at 'em, musical producers! A set of fur cuff-links to the first one of you who gets G. B. S. or Somerset Maugham or our own George Ade—to write the book of a revue. Mere girls—even beau-

tiful girls, and mere jingles—even beautiful jingles, are no longer so entertaining to the t.b.m. who liked his "Beyond the Horizon," and his "First Year." With all the novelty mania of the knee-show barons, how many of them have ever thought of asking Franklin P. Adams, Ring Lardner, Don Marquis, George S. Kaufman, Octavus Roy Cohen, Stephen Leacock or F. Scott Fitzgerald to dash off a little book to be set to music? All the William Schwenck Gilberts aren't dead yet.



THE ROAD RISES IN REVOLT

(Concluded from page 380)

tional classifications have been so overthrown by this versatile company that one hardly knows how to catalogue her. In general, she might be said to do the ingenue leads. Miss Gale is a player of real importance. She is admirably fitted for the stage—with beauty, a deal of fresh, personal charm, a pleasant speaking voice and a method quite her own. Her significant achievements predict great things for the future. She was a skillful Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows"; a bewitching Babbie in "The Little Minister," and a compelling Hannah in "John Ferguson." The emotional moment which closes the second act was as fine a thing of the kind as any of our best established emotional actresses have given us.

There is a similar difficulty about pigeon-holing Teresa Dale. She has played everything from the Florence Moore rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," to the widow in "Civilian Clothes" and all of them with acute intelligence and understanding. Her portrait of the lady-crook in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was a deliciously vigorous affair. In an entirely different branch of comedy she was equally successful as Osprey Mandleharper in "A Very Good Young Man." In something the same vein, she was a gratifying *nouveau-riche* in "A Little Journey."

It has been the thing to say of Ivan Miller that his forte was farce. His work as Reggie in "Wedding Bells" justifies the enthusiastic estimate of his skill in this genre, while fine, thoughtful performances as John in "What Every Woman Knows," and as Andrew in "John Ferguson" testify to his ability along other lines.

Some of the most finished work which the company has produced was contributed by Joseph De Stefani. Always thoroughly legitimate, his characterizations are vivid portraits, full of splendid detail.

To John Dilson fall the *jeune* premier rôles. Yet his best work

has been in other fields. Shorty, in "A Prince There Was," sticks in the mind as a keenly amusing comedy portrait.

Helen Keers has contributed many a charming character sketch. Perhaps the most thoroughly pleasant was her Grandma of "A Little Journey." There are many things to the credit of Burke Clark. I would select as most delightful his absent-minded father in "Stop Thief." I have still a reminiscent chuckle recalling his, "Mother, he's looking at me."

Donald Campbell has played bits with that poise which helps materially in lending an impression of finish to the whole. G. Allen Wilson, Lucile Hustings, Robert Smiley and Mary Hart, should not go unmentioned in a survey of this kind. Each has done valiant service in making the excellence of the company.

Another interesting feature is the development into even more of a community institution through the presentation of plays by local writers. During the present season, two full length pieces by local newspaper men of the city have been presented—each with marked financial success. It requires the courage of a determined idealist to gamble so far with a new play by an untried author.

It remains only to write a word of the playhouse. At Our Stock Theatre there are none of the irritating defects in external detail which harass the nerves in the ordinary place of this kind. The theatre is modestly decorated and dimly lighted with parchment shaded lamps. The orchestra—you know the kind which usually prevails—the sort which would be an addition to any up-to-date Inferno, has been banished. And in its place we have, in the *entr'acte*, recital music by the best musicians of the city. Three rapscallions in the French manner, announce the rise of the curtain. background in keeping with the character of the entertainment.

JAMES GRAY.



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IN the Northern part of New Jersey, some forty miles from New York City via smooth-paved auto roads, you'll locate Lake Hopatcong, the largest lake in Jersey and easily the most attractive.

Adjacent to the Hopatcong Railroad Station, the village of Mount Arlington rests, which is famed for the hotel it has located in its midst. The hotel known by name as the "Alamac in the Mountains," and by slogan as "The Mountain Paradise," is conducted under the personal management of H. Latz. This summer hostelry, of many attractions, is the mountain brother of the "Alamac," Atlantic City. From June to October, continuous entertainment must be created for the guests and cottagers.



The only summer hotel with a theatre of its own

The most unique time-passing feature of the "Alamac" is its theatrette. Some four hundred blue-gray tinted chairs fill the theatre, and a crêtonne-framed stage about fifteen feet wide, serves as the platform of the arts. Two marble flower-filled pots on the stage give the theatre the touch of the Grecian.

THREE weekly the latest motion pictures are displayed in the theatre.

When we say latest, we mean pre-release, sometimes, and at other times, films direct from the Strand or Rivoli of New York. Last season, First National Features were mostly displayed. A person can leave New York and way up in this vicinity of heavenly mountains and natural wonders he can view the latest successes of moviedom. The average program consists of eight reels—a comedy, news review and feature. For the comedy and news reel a colored jazz band plays the music and when the feature comes on the "Alamac" String Orchestra occupies the pit and supplies harmony of miniature symphony hue.

Amateur performances have been produced in the theatre, as well as theatricals, for charity. Several companies of Broadway players have also appeared upon the diminutive stage.

The theatre is well ventilated, the ceiling being latticed with thatched windows, thereby always allowing the cool mountain breezes in. The lighting fixtures are quaint Japanese basket affairs, summery and dainty in appearance.

Last summer the management took a movie of its own. This production was titled, "Wondrous Waters," and had for its actors and actresses, all guests of the hotel and all natural backgrounds.

Several motion picture companies have found in Lake Hopatcong an ideal location for the photographing of scenarios. Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives," used Lake Hopatcong for nearly all the beautiful scenes. Delores Cassinelli was screened fronting Lake Hopatcong scenery in several features. George Walsh and Pearl White have also been to the mountain paradise for motion picture locations.



Guests at the hotel taking part in the Management's own movie

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 L. C. PRIOR, Mgr. Director

Community Dramatics

(Concluded from page 354)

there are children and young people reviving the arts of rhythmic dance and song.

There are dramatic clubs in both the coal and ore mining camps. The clubs of Johns, especially are doing work that is distinguished for grace and beauty.

* * *

THE Civic Ceremonial of Citizen Pilgrimage from 1620 to 1920 presented early in the winter in Northampton, Mass., under the direction of Frederick K. Brown of Community Service (Inc.), brought in several of the foreign-born groups. One of the refreshing aspects of this pageant spectacle was the freedom granted the foreigners in the presentation of the special episodes and folk dances which belonged to them. They were not interrupted. Their grace and spontaneity were not ironed out. Their native charm was actually allowed upon the stage—in Massachusetts! And it was interesting to note how utterly and completely the folk dancing of the Italians and of the Poles deviated from the folk dances of the standard books! Here were the natural reflections of the groups. Folk dance teachers in the audience said that they had never seen such beautiful effects in folk dancing. The groups worked out their own memories and desires in the dancing.

The Jewish rabbi led his flock, singing, on the stage, and people in the audience recognized in the bearded patriarch, in the light, blue robes of the Prophet, the local junk man. A Syrian merchant said the next day that a limousine had stopped in front of his shop and a woman came in to tell him that she had never before realized that he was an artist in folk ways. A real Sioux Indian, a local resident and a man of culture, and several descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrim took parts. President Neilson, of Smith College, called it "a brilliant performance."

* * *

THE celebration, which commemorated the Pilgrim Tercentenary, was given in John M. Green Hall of Smith College. The whole of Northampton took part. The Ceremonial did not pretend to be a pageant: it was a sincere and dignified natural representation of the functions of the different groups of the city, which, when massed and merged produced all the effect of a pageant.

It opened with a darkened stage, upon which appeared John F. McNamara as "The Wanderer," who sang a tenor solo. The stage gradually became light, with the appearance of a chorus composed of the High School Girls' Glee Club. They sang various patriotic airs, concluding with America, in which the

audience joined. This represented a prelude of light and song, and was followed by the unveiling of Freedom in American history; Miss Helen Watts represented Freedom, and welcomed the various pilgrims to America during the ceremonial.

The second scene opened with an historic address by Rev. Richard R. Clapp, of the First Church. Dr. Charles Eastman next appeared on the stage in full Sioux costume, representing the Indians. He welcomed the Pilgrims who filed onto the stage in costume, while at the back of the platform, Freedom rose from her throne to bid the newcomers welcome. Then came soldiers of the Revolution, real veterans of the Civil and World wars. Miss Alice Eames and Mrs. Graul, representing the Nation and the State, next took seats on either side of Freedom, followed by Robert and Francis Brennan as little pages and heralded by Henry Roberts and Carl Norton, who marshalled the various groups which followed. Mayor Fitzgerald then appeared on the platform, representing Northampton.

The third part of the program was the newer Pilgrims. Representatives of five of the racial groups of the city came on the stage in native costume, were welcomed by Freedom, and offered their gifts of play and song. First in these groups were the Hebrews, who were welcomed as a wandering people who had no country of their own. They chanted songs in their native tongue, and took their place near the throne of Freedom. The Lithuanians were the next to appear, also in old country costume. A feature of their part in the program was a solo by a little girl of 10 years. The Syrians were represented by four men, one of whom carried the flag of this new nation. Weird music on a Syrian instrument, with a native dance, was followed by the singing of a folk song. The Polish group gave several dances and sang a number of songs, accompanied by music. The Italian group then flashed on the stage and took the audience by storm.

Pilgrim Tercentenary exhibits and entertainments are continuing well on into the spring. The interesting exhibitions at the New York Public Library which opened last December is being continued by special request. The Drama Department of New York Community Service, May Pashley Harris, director, has taken an active part throughout the entire year in promoting the celebration: first in connection with the Sulgrave Institution; second in advisory work in connection with Pilgrim celebrations throughout the public schools of Greater New York; and, third, in both advisory and specific direction of other groups throughout the city.

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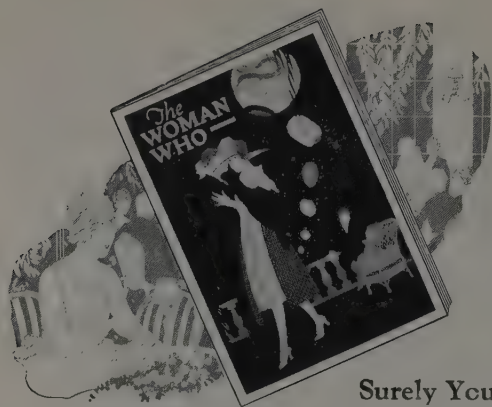
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The health and beauty hints given in "The Woman Who" have been

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ON WITH THE PLAY!

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

THE Play BEGINS!

Prologue: The Plot Demonstrator.

NARCISSUS OFF DUTY!

I hear a lot of praise bestowed on the old stock companies. They were all right in their rough-and-ready way, but they would hardly go with us nowadays.

Once in the 80's, I dropped in at a stock performance in a western town. The company had a score of plays in its repertory, and this play I had dropped in on went very raggedly. In the third act climax the hero forgot his part, and after an embarrassing silence of about two minutes, hissed audibly to the prompter: "What's the line?"

"What's the play?" the prompter hissed back from his little box, as he grabbed up a stack of two or three dozen manuscripts and began to run through them feverishly.

—DAVID BELASCO.

THE First Act!

Playwrights All!

SOME WOMEN ARE SIRENS; SOME
GET TO MEET THE WIVES.

—LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

* * *

English people have a sense of humor, the French a sense of ridicule, the Americans a sense of Fun.

—ALICE DELYSIA.

* * *

America is a country of Lifters. . .
Shop and Up.

Add similes: As Hopeful as a Playwright.

—DON MARQUIS.

* * *

ACTORS SPEAK LOUDER THAN
WORDS.

—FRANK BACON.

Mr. Sousa Passes By!

I've heard that tones have color,
That some are green, some yellow,
A Blue-point's song is mighty blue,
So says the Oyster-cello.

—JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

FRANK CRUMIT, of the "GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES," tells this one:

A young colored boy, looking for a cool place to swim on a hot summer day, jumped into one of the city's reservoirs.

A man came along and seeing him called out: "Young man, we have to drink that water."

"Dat's all right, sah," whined the boy, "I ain't usin' no soap."

Typographical Error.

He went to the theatre and looked at the pogrom.

THE Second Act!

Ain't We Got Fun!

Lopez: "Lucia. Ees putty name. Come 'ere. Come 'ere. (goes to her)—draws her to him. She winces.) 'Ow you like to go wiz me to Mexico?"

Lucia: "I couldn't do that!"

Lopez: "Why not?"

Lucia: "I'm married."

Lopez: "Well, we will not take ze 'osband. Just you and me. We go to ze bull fight. I rob ze jewelry store for you. We get plenty drunk. I show you 'ell of good time. Well, 'ow you say?"

Lucia: "I never heard of such a thing!"

Lopez: "No? You 'ave been married wiz one man all your life?"

Lucia: "Yes."

Lopez: "What a rotten life you 'ave lead! Never no life! Never no fun!"

—From "THE BAD MAN."

Boys Will Be Boys!

A few years ago one of the questions put by the English examiners of the College Entrance Board was this:

"In Shakespeare's 'TWELFTH NIGHT,' how did the Duke employ Viola, when she was disguised as a lad?"

One of my young friends gave this accurate answer: "The Duke employed Viola as a valet—to press his suit."

—BRANDER MATTHEWS

(Continued on page 382)

It is *Bamby's* notion that it wasn't General Pershing but Abe Potash, and that what he said was, "Nu, voilà, Lafayette!"

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.



"If I didn't know Chadwick so well I'd say he was lying about the mileage he gets out of his tires."

"Well, you must remember he uses Kelly-Springfields."

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ON WITH THE PLAY!

Continued from page 380

He Bet Once and Lost!

BROCK PEMBERTON tells this one about his play, "MISS LULU BETT."

It was the occasion of the first performance of the play on any stage at Sing Sing (the night before the New York premiere). The applause still filled the chapel at the end of the play when a grizzled prisoner turned to the man on his right and asked: "What did you think of it, Bill?"

"It was right enough," Bill answered.

"How'd you like it, Pete?" the questioner asked of the man on his left.

"Sure seemed like home folks," Pete replied.

The cross-examiner was tensely silent a moment, and then fervently: "It's all right for them that likes it, I s'pose, but thank God I'm in for life and don't have to see it again!"

THE Third Act!

Heartbreak House!

Bernard Shaw is at present a good deal in the same position as the old Scotch woman who belonged to a sect that kept dwindling down until only herself and the minister remained.

When somebody called attention to the fact that only two of the sect were left, she said: "I ha' me doots about aye o' them."

—GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

The Passionate Spectator!

At a play recently seen in one of New York's cozy little theatres, a lady sitting in front of me attempted to lean forward, and was hermetically sealed to the back of her chair by a large chunk of chewing gum, left there from the previous performance.

In response to my endeavors to extricate her she said, gamely enough: "If any one asks me how I like this play, I'll say I am stuck on it." —WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

But Miriam, Whose Name Is Engraved Upon Your Heart?

Little MISS MIRIAM MILLER—truly sixteen years old, and if you take our word for it, a most comfortable armful!—was once upon a time, even as you and —, a very little miss. She is now a premiere danseuse in "GOOD TIMES." She

was then the premiere danseuse of times just as good!

While still a chee-ild, Miriam took ballet dancing lessons. Her mother, in order to make Miriam's foots more distinguished looking, found it necessary to have ballet slippers especially made at I. Miller, New York (Miriam couldn't have danced other wise!)

We believe you are not unaware that shoe manufacturers engrave their names on their soles—that is, of their products. Quite naturally, therefore, Miriam's slippers had the name Miller engraved on them.

The other little mademoiselles at the dancing school looked and admired and looked at the slippers which Miriam got "from Noo York." How could the engraved name escape their all-seeing eyes!

"Um-m, Miriam, getting swell ain't you?" breathed one girlie. "Having your shoes made with your own name on them!"

Afgar: "I'm sorry we lost that last cook."

Houssain: "Yes, she was a good cook, as cooks go."

Afgar: "And, as cooks go—she went!"

—From "AFGAR"

The Great Lover

Now that John Drinkwater has written a play about Mary, Queen of Scots, to prove that a woman can love more than one man at the same time, we trust that some dramatist will use the story of Henry VIII to show that a man can love seven women consecutively.

—HEYWOOD BROWN.

Mitzi! Mitzi! MITZI!

MITZI was amusing us with some true Mitzian stories which had to do with the time soon after she came to this counrty.

She was dining at the Knickerbocker Hotel when one of the five most noted producers came to her table and spoke to her without removing his hat.

Of course, just fresh from Budapest, this was for her an unpardonable sin! Mitzi, however, while fresh, determined to be subtle. With an innocent look and anxious voice she looked up and asked:

"You must have a little bird under your hat?"

People go to the shows to be entertained, but they don't expect the entertainment to come from the seats behind them.

THE END OF THE Play!

Readers of this magazine are invited to send in contributions to these columns.

THIS MUST BE NOTED: Special permission has been granted this magazine by the producers for the publication of those excerpts from plays we choose, and as they are taken from the original manuscripts, they cannot, under any circumstances, be reprinted.

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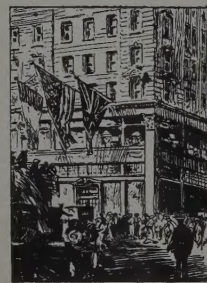
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MUSICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR PAGEANTS AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 352)

- grin: Darkling prelude to Act II, contrasted with exquisite peace of brief orchestral interlude after Elsa and Ortrud leave stage.
Or in *The Flying Dutchman* overture, the contrasted storm music and sunset apotheosis at its close.
*St. Saens: *Prelude to the Deluge* opening hushed darkling measures. Then skip to climax of serene song with its violin solo.
*Tschaikowsky: Arrangement of Andante of *Fifth Symphony* (used in the play, *The Song of Songs*).
*Breil's *The Song of the Soul*.

UNUSUAL WALTZES.

- *Oscar Strauss: *Waltz Dream*.
*Offenbach: *Belle Helene*.
*Tschaikowsky: *The Sleeping Beauty*.
*(a) Tschaikowsky: *Waltz from Fifth Symphony*.
*(b) Tschaikowsky: *Waltz from Eugene Onegin*.

QUAINT DANCES, PANTOMIMES, ETC.

- Grieg: *Holberg Suite*.
Prelude. Sarabande.
Gavotte. Musette.
Air. Rigaudon.
*Mozart: *Don Giovanni Minuet*.
*Tschaikowsky: *Eugene Onegin Polonaise*.
*(a) Tschaikowsky: *Nut Cracker Suite*.
Miniature Overture.
Arabian Dance.
Chinese Dance.
Dance of the Automata.
Valse des Fleurs.
*(b) Baron: *Chinese Dance*.
*Gabriel Marie: *La Cinquintaine*.
*Moskowsky: *Boabdil Ballet* (for Spanish dances).
*Moskowsky: *Suite From Foreign Lands*.
Folk dances from Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, Poland and Hungary.
*Smetana: *The Bartered Bride* (Bohemian dances).
*Brahms: *Hungarian Dances*.
*Germon's *Henry VIII Suite* (English and Scotch dances).
*Edwards: *Brian Boru* (for Irish dances).
*Germon's *The Emerald Isle* (for Irish dances).
*Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien* (for Irish dances).
*Brewer: *Fairy Pipers Underneath the Moon*. (Song).
*Kelley's *Lady Picking Mulberries* (Chinese).
*Isador Wormser: *Music to Pierrot the Prodigal*.
Berger: *Pierrot and Pierrette*.
*Goublier: *Petit Ballet Japonais*.

* indicates that a selection can probably be had for piano or small orchestra, and some selections not so marked may shortly be available in such smaller arrangements. Some familiar works are omitted as too hackneyed.

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